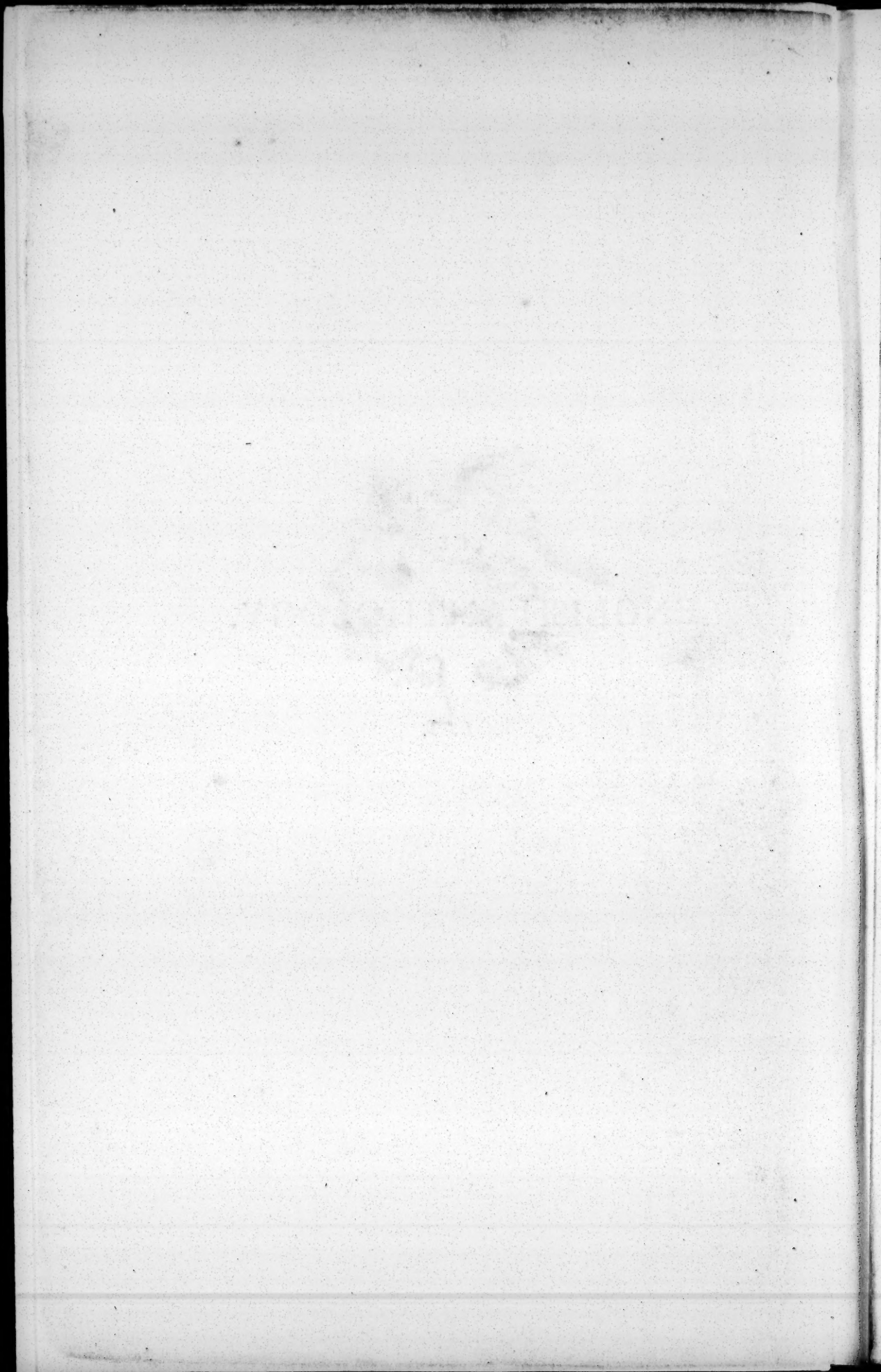


THE
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

VCL. I.



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THE
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



DULCE EST DECERPERE FLORES.

OVID.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY C. CLARKE,

FOR T. AND J. EGERTON, WHITEHALL.

MDCCXCIII.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE public is here presented with a selection of English poetry, in a chronological series, from the beginning of the sixteenth century (or, including an extract from CHAUCER, from the latter part of the fourteenth) to the present time, upon a plan hitherto unattempted, at least in this country*. It will not be thought possible that a collection in three volumes should comprise every poem of value in the language; but it may be confidently asserted that there is scarce a single poet of any eminence or merit who has not contributed generally his best,

* THE CALEDONIAN MUSE, a collection of Scottish poetry, upon a similar plan, printed some years since, though not yet published, was, in fact, a subsequent compilation.

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and in some cases his only, production, and that no publication of like nature ever comprehended such a number and variety of excellent poems, or was printed with superior elegance, fidelity, or correctness. No alteration (except in apparent mistakes) has been attempted either in the language or in the orthography, and as little as possible even in the punctuation, of the edition followed, which, if not always the best, will in no case be found a bad one; the only variation, if any, consisting in the orthography, which is, perhaps, very seldom that of the author: nor has any piece been inserted which had already appeared in "A SELECT COLLECTION OF ENGLISH SONGS," published in 1783.

It must be confessed that the use, or rather abuse, of Italic types and capital letters has proved a source of constant discouragement and vexation. To have entirely preserved these frivolous distinctions, of which, in many

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instances, it was utterly impossible to discover the reason, would have been perfectly ridiculous; to omit them altogether appeared an act of violence. The editor, therefor, has not the vanity to hope that either the retention or the omission will satisfy the more critical reader; being utterly unable to discover any principle which will justify either the one or the other. It is however to be wished that, except in fixed and given instances, they could be entirely laid aside; being no more necessary, one would think, to the works of Pope or Swift than to those of Virgil or Horace.

As it has been thought advisable to publish the first of these volumes before the others can be printed, it is earnestly requested that those who possess the dates of the birth and death of FITZGERALD, BRAMSTON, FAWKES, SIR CHARLES HANBURY WILLIAMS, SMART, MERRICK, LLOYD, LANGHORNE, DR. COTTON, HALL STEVENSON; LADY MARY

WORTLEY MONTAGUE, MRS. BARBER, and MISS MARY JONES, will be kind enough to communicate them to the publisher, in order that the selections from those poets may be duly arranged: and even the births of SIR JOHN HARINGTON, DUKE, SIR SAMUEL GARTH, FENTON, BROOME, and SOMERVILE, may be made use of in a future edition, should the collection be found to deserve it. One should indeed have naturally concluded that these important facts, for such the birth and death of a man of merit or eminence undoubtedly are, would be found in the lives that have been written of almost all the persons just named; but, in short, many of these lives, even in the excellent biographical prefaces of Dr. Johnson, may be carefully perused without betraying even the century in which the author made so distinguished a figure.—Any suggestion, at the same time, for the improvement of the work, in matter, method, accuracy, or

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elegance, will be gratefully received, and properly attended to.

It were, perhaps, to be wished, that the collection could have commenced at an earlier period; but the editor is sufficiently familiar with the poetical productions of preceding centuries to pronounce with confidence, that no composition of a moderate length is to be found, prior to the year 1500, which would be thought to deserve a place in these volumes; the nicety of the present age being ill disposed to make the necessary allowances for the uncouth diction and homely sentiments of former times. Nor will any person be forward to rescue such things from oblivion, while the attempt exposes him to the malignant and ruffian-like attacks of some hackney scribbler or personal enemy, through the medium of one or other of two periodical publications, in which the most illiberal abuse is vented under colour of impartial criticism, and both the literary and moral character of every man

who wishes to make his peculiar studies contribute to the information or amusement of society are at the mercy of a conceited pedant, or dark and cowardly assassin. The editor, at the same time, by no means flatters himself, that either the omission of what is obscure and unintelligible, or the insertion of every thing elegant and refined, will be sufficient to protect these volumes from the rancorous malice and envenomed slander of the reviewing critic. He appeals, however, from the partial censures of a mercenary and malevolent individual, to the judgement and candour of a generous and discerning public, whose approbation is proposed as the sole reward of his disinterested labours.

It ought to be mentioned, in justice to the present compilation, that it was made many years ago: nor should it, perhaps, if it could, be concealed that the idea originated from a sight of the elegant French song-book, intitled *L'ANTHOLOGIE FRANÇOISE*.

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THE
ENGLISH ANTHOLOGY.

PART THE FIRST.

THE LOVER COMPLAINETH OF THE UN-
KINDNESS OF HIS LOVE.

BY SIR THOMAS WYATT.*

MY lute, awake ; perform the last
Labour that thou and I shall wast,
And ende that I have now begunne ;
And when this song is song and past,
My lute, be styll ; for I have done. 5

* Born 1503; dyed 1541. — To distinguish him from
another of the name, he is usually called Sir Thomas Wyatt
the elder.

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As to be heard where eare is none,
 As leade to grave in marble stone,
 My fong may pearce her hart as soon;
 Should we then figh, or fing, or mone?
 No, no, my lute, for I have done. 10

The rocks do not so cruelly
 Repulse the waves continually,
 As she my suite and affection;
 So that I am past remedy,
 Whereby my lute and I have done. 15

Proude of the spoyle that thou hast gotte
 Of simple hearts, through lovés shot,
 By whome, unkind, thou hast them wonne;
 Think not he hath his bow forgott,
 Although my lute and I have done. 20

Vengeance shall fall on thy disdaine,
 That makest but game on earnest payne;
 Think not alone under the funn
 Unquit to cause thy lovers playne,
 Although my lute and I have done. 25

May 'chance' thee lye withred and old,
 In winter nights that are so cold,
 Playning in vaine unto the moon;
 Thy wishes then dare not be told,
 Care then who list, for I have doone. 30

And then may chaunce thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lovers fighe and swone ;
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

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Now cease, my lute ; this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waist,
And ended is that we begonne ;
Now is this song both song and past :
My lute, be still ; for I have done.

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PRISONER IN WINDSOR, HE RECOUNTETH
HIS PLEASURE THERE PASSED.

BY HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF SURREY. *

So cruell prifon howe could betyde, alas !
As proude Windfor ; where I, in luft and joy,
Wythe a Kynges fonne, my chyldyſh yeres dyd paſſe,
In greater feaſt than Priams ſonnes of Troye ;
Where eche fwete place returnes a taſtfull ſower : 5
The large grene court where we were wont to ' hove,'
Wyth eyes caſt up into the maydens tower,
And eaſy fighes, ſuch as folkes draw in love ;
The ſtately ſeates, the ladies brighte of hewe ;
The daunces ſhort, long tales of greate delight, 10
Wyth woordes and lookes, that tygers could but rewe,
Where eche of us dyd pleaſe the others ryghte ;
The palme play, where deſpoyled for the game,
With dared eyes oft we by gleames of love,
Have myſt the ball, and gote fighte of our dame, 15
To bayte her eyes, whyche kept the leads above ;
The gravel ground, wythe ſleues tyde on the helme
On fomyng horſe, with ſwordes and friendly hartes ;
Wythe chere as though one ſhould another whelme,
Where we have fought, and chaſed oft with dartes ; 20

* Born 15..; beheaded 1546.

With filver droppes the meade yet sprede for ruthe,
 In active games of nimbleness and strength,
 Where we did strayne, trayned wyth swarmes of
 youthe,

Our tender limmes, that yet shot up in lengthe;
 The secrete groves which ofte we made resounde,
 Of pleasant playnte, and of our ladies prayse, 26
 Recordyng oft what grace eche one had founde,
 What hope of spede, what dreade of long delayes;
 The wylde forreste, the clothed 'holtes' with grene,
 With raynes availed, and swiftly breathed horse; 30
 Wyth cry of houndes and merry blastes betwene,
 Where we did chase the feareful hart of force;
 The wyde vales eke, that harborde us eche nyghte:
 Wherewyth (alas) reviveth in my breste,
 The swete accorde, such slepes as yet delyght; 35
 The pleasant dreames, the quyete bed of reste;
 The secreet thoughtes imparted with such trust;
 The wanton talke, the dyvers chaunge of playe;
 The friendship sworne, eche promise kept so fast;
 Wherewith we past the winter nyghte away. 40
 And wyth thys thoughte, the bloud forsakes the face,
 The teares berayne my chekes of deadly hewe,
 The whyche as soone as sobbyng fighes (alas!)
 Upsupped have, thus I my playnt renewe:
 O place of blisse! renewer of my woes! 45
 Give me accompt where is my noble fere,
 Whom in thy walles thou doest eche nyghte enclose,
 To other 'leefe,' but unto me most 'deere:'

V. 29. holes. V. 48. luse. cleere.

Eccho (alas!) that doth my sorrow rewe,
 Returns thereto a hollowe sounde of playnt; 50
 Thus I alone, where all my freedome grewe,
 In pryson pyne, wythe bondage and restraynt:
 And with remembrance of the greater grieve
 To banishe the lesse I fynd my chief reliefe.



DESCRIPTION AND PRAISE OF HIS LOVE
 GERALDINE.

BY THE SAME.

FROM Tuscan came my ladies worthy race,
 Faire Florence was sometyme her auncient seate;
 The Western yle whose pleasant shore doth face
 Wild Cambers clifs, did geve her lyuely heate;
 Fostered she was with milke of Irishe brest; 5
 Her sire, an erle, her dame, of princes blood;
 From tender yeres in Britaine she doth rest,
 With Kinges childe, where she tasteth costly foode.
 Honfdon did first present her to myne yien:
 Bright is her hewe, and Geraldine she hight; 10
 Hampton me taught to wishe her first for mine,
 And Windsor, alas, doth chafe me from her sight.
 Her beauty of kinde, her vertue from above;
 Happy is he that can obtain her love!

ECLOGUE.

BY EDMUND SPENSER. *

ARGUMENT.

IN this Æglogue, Colin Clout, a shepheards boy, complaineth himselfe of his vnfortunate loue, beeing but newly (as it seemeth) enamoured of a countrey lasse called Rosalind: with which strong affection being verie sore trauelled, hee compareth his carefull case to the sad season of the yeere, to the frostie ground, to the frozen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And lastly, finding himselfe robbed of all former pleasure and delight, he breaketh his pipe in peeces, and casteth himselfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPHEARDS boy (no better doe him call),
When Winters wastefull spight was almost spent,
All in a sunshine day, as did befall,
Led forth his flocke, that had been long ypent.
So faint they woxe, and feeble in the fold, 5
That now vnnethes their feet could them vphold.

* Born 1553; dyed 1598.

All as the sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
 May seem he lov'd, or else some care he tooke:
 Well couth he tune his pipe, and frame his stile.
 Tho to a hill his fainting flock he led, 11
 And thus him plainde, the while his sheepe there fed.

Yee gods of loue, that pittie louers paine,
 (If any gods the paine of louers pittie:)
 Looke from aboue, where you in ioyes remaine, 15
 And bow your eares vnto my dolefull dittie.
 And Pan, thou shepheards god, that once did loue,
 Pittie the paines that thou thyselfe didst proue.

Thou barren ground whom Winters wrath hath
 waisted,
 Art made a mirrour, to behold my plight: 20
 Whilom thy fresh Spring flowr'd, and after hasted
 Thy Sommer proude, with daffadillies dight;
 And now is come thy Winters stormie state,
 Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

Such rage as Winters raigneth in my heart, 25
 My life-blood freezing, with vnkindly cold:
 Such stormie stoures doe breed my balefull smart,
 As if my yeeres were waste, and woxen old.
 And yet, alas, but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas, it is already donne. 30

You naked trees, whose shadie leaues are lost,
 Wherein the birds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are cloath'd with mosse and hoarie frost,
 In stead of blossoms, wherewith your buds did
 flowre,
 I see your teares, that from your boughs doe raine,
 Whose drops in drierie yficles remaine. 36

Also my lustfull leafe is dry and seare,
 My timely buds with wailing all are wasted:
 The blossom which my branch of youth did beare,
 With breathed sighs is blowne away, and blasted.
 And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend, 41
 As on your boughs the yficles depend.

Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weake, through fast, and euill
 fare,
 Maist witnesse well by thy ill gouernment, 45
 Thy maisters mind is ouercome with care.
 Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne;
 With mourning pine I, you with pining mourne.

A thousand fithes I curse that carefull houre,
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see: 50
 And eke ten thousand fithes I blesse the stoure,
 Wherein I saw so faire a fight as shee.
 Yet all for nought: such fight hath bred my bane:
 Ah God, that loue should breed both ioy and paine!

It is not Hobbinol, wherefore I plaine, 55

Albee my loue he seeke with daily fuit :

His clownish gifts and curtesies I disdaine,

His kids, his cracknels, and his early fruit.

Ah, foolish Hobbinol, thy gifts been vaine :

Colin them gives to Rosalinde againe. 60

I loue thilke lasse, (alas, why doe I loue ?)

And am forlorne, (alas, why am I lorne ?)

Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprooue,

And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.

Shepheards deuise she hateth as the snake, 65

And laughes the songs that Colin Clout does make.

Wherefore my pipe, albee rude Pan thou please,

Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,

And thou vnluckie Muse, that woontst to ease

My musing minde, yet canst not, when thou should,

Both pipe and Muse, shall fore the while abie : 71

So broke his oaten pipe, and downe did lie.

By that the welked Phœbus gan auaille

His wearie waine, and now the frostie Night

Her mantle blacke through heauen gan overhaile ;

Which seene, the pensive boy halfe in despight

Arose, and homeward droue his sunned sheepe,

Whose hanging heads did seem his careful case to

weepe.

S O N N E T.

BY THE SAME.

ONE day I wrote her name vpon the strand,
But came the waues and washed it away :
Againe, I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
Vaine man, said she, that doost in vaine assay, 5
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myselfe shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wiped out likewise.
Not so, quoth I, let baser things deuise
To die in dust, but you shall liue by fame: 10
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heauens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdew,
Our loue shall liue, and later life renew.



ECLOGUE.

BY MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.*

WHAT time the weary weather-beaten sheep,
To get them fodder, hie them to the fold,
And the poor herds that lately did them keep
Shudder'd with keenness of the winter's cold:
The groves of their late summer pride forlorn, 5
In mossy mantles fadly seem'd to mourn.

That silent time, about the upper world,
Phœbus had forc'd his fiery-footed team,
And down again the steep Olympus whirl'd
To wash his chariot in the Western stream, 10
In night's black shade, when Rowland, all alone,
Thus him complains, his fellow shepherds gone.

You flames, quoth he, wherewith thou heaven art
dight,
That me (alive) the woful'st creature view,
You, whose aspects have wrought me this despight,
And me with hate yet ceaselessly pursue, 16
For whom too long I tarried for relief,
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

* Born 1563; dyed 1631.

Yearly my vows, O heavens, have I not paid,
 Of the best fruits, and firstlings of my flock? 20
 And oftentimes have bitterly inveigh'd
 'Gainst them that you prophanely dar'd to
 mock?

O, who shall ever give what is your due,
 If mortal man be uprighter than you?

If the deep sighs of an afflicted breast, 25
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, or th' erected eyes
 Of a poor wretch with miseries oppress'd,
 For whose complaints tears never could suffice,
 Have not the power your deities to move,
 Who shall e'er look for succour from above? 30

O night, how still obsequious have I been,
 To thy flow silence whispering in thine ear,
 That thy pale sovereign often hath been seen
 Stay to behold me sadly from her sphere,
 Whilst the slow minutes duly I have told, 35
 With watchful eyes attending on my fold!

How oft by thee the solitary swain,
 Breathing his passion to the early spring,
 Hath left to hear the nightingale complain,
 Pleasing his thoughts alone to hear me sing! 40
 The nymphs forsook their places of abode,
 To hear the sounds that from my musick flow'd.

To purge their springs, and sanctify their grounds,
 The simple shepherds learned I the mean,
 And sov'reign simples to their use I found, 45
 Their teeming ewes to help when they did yean;
 Which when again in summer time they share,
 Their wealthy fleece my cunning did declare.

In their warm cotes, whilst they have soundly
 slept,
 And pass'd the night in many a pleasant bower,
 On the bleak mountains I their flocks have kept,
 And bid the brunt of many a cruel shower;
 Warring with beasts, in safety mine to keep,
 So true was I, and careful of my sheep.

Fortune and time, why tempted you me forth, 55
 With those your flattering promises of grace,
 Fickle, so falsely to abuse my worth,
 And now to fly me, whom I did embrace?
 Both that at first encourag'd my desire,
 Lastly against me lewdly do conspire. 60

Or nature, did'st thou prodigally waste
 Thy gifts on me unfortunat'est swain,
 Only thereby to have thyself disgrac'd?
 Virtue, in me why wert thou plac'd in vain?
 If to the world predestined a prey, 65
 Thou wert too good to have been cast away.

There's not a grove that wond'reth not my woe,
 Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,
 I hear the echoes (wand'ring to and fro)
 Resound my grief through every hill and dale;
 The birds and beasts yet in their simple kind 71
 Lament for me, no pity else that find.

None else there is gives comfort to my grief,
 Nor my mishaps amended with my moan,
 When heaven and earth have shut up all relief, 75
 Nor care avails what cureless now is grown:
 And tears I find do bring no other good,
 But as new showers increase the rising flood.

When on an old tree, under which ere now
 He many a merry roundelay had sung, 80
 Upon a leafless canker-eaten bough,
 His well tun'd bag-pipe carelessly he hung:
 And by the same his sheep-hook, once of price,
 That had been carv'd with many a rare device.

He call'd his dog, (that some time had the praise)
 Whitefoot, well known to all that keep the
 plain, 86
 That many a wolf had worried in his days,
 A better cur there never followed swain;
 Which, though as he his master's forrows knew,
 Wag'd his cut tail, his wretched plight to rue. 90

Poor cur, quoth he, and him therewith did stroke;
Go to your cote, and there thyself repose,
Thou with thine age, my heart with sorrow broke.
Be gone, ere death my restless eyes do close;
The time is come thou must thy master leave, 95
Whom the vile world shall never more deceive.

With folded arms thus hanging down his head,
He gave a groan, his heart in sunder cleft,
And, as a stone, already seemed dead
Before his breath was fully him bereft: 100
The faithful swain here lastly made an end,
Whom all good shepherds ever shall defend.



SONNET.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.*

WHEN fortie winters shall beseige thy brow;
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud linery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a totter'd weed of smal worth held:
Then, being askt, where all thy beautie lies, 5
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe-sunken eyes,
'Were' an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,
If thou couldst answere, this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse!
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.
This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could.

* *Born 1564; dyed 1616.*

V. 8. where.

ON HIS MISTRESS, THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA,

BY SIR HENRY WOTTON, KT.*

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly fatisfie our eyes,
More by your number, than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you when the Sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood, 6
That warble forth dame Natures lays,
Thinking your voices understood,
By your weak accents, what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets, that first appear, 11
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the Rose is blown?

* *Born 1568 ; dyed 1639.*

So, when my Mistrifs shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By vertue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind? 20



UPON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT
MORTON'S WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

HE first deceas'd; she for a little tri'd
To live without him: lik'd it not, and di'd.



THE BAITE.

BY JOHN DONNE, D.D.

DEAN OF ST. PAULS.*

COME live with mee, and bee my love ;
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and christall brookes,
With filken lines, and silver hookes.

There will the river whispring runne, 5
Warm'd by thy eyes, more than the sunne ;
And there th' inamor'd fish will stay,
Begging themselves they may betray.

When thou wilt swimme in that live bath,
Each fish, which every channell hath, 10
Will amourosly to thee swimme,
Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

If thou to be so seene bee'st loath
By sunne or moone, thou darknest both ;
And if my selfe have leave to see, 15
I need not their light, having thee.

* Born 1573; dyed 1631.—*This song is in imitation of
a still more beautiful one by Christopher Marlowe, beginning
with the same line.*

Let others freez with angling reeds,
And cut their legges with shels and weeds,
Or treacherously poore fish beset,
With strangling snare, or windowie net: 20

Let coarse bold hands from slimy nest
The bedded fish in banks out-wrest,
Or curious traitors, sleave filke flies,
Bewitch poore fishes wandring eyes:

For thee, thou needst no such deceit, 25
For thou thy selfe art thine owne baite;
That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
Alas! is wiser farre than I.



EPITAPHS.

BY BENJAMIN JONSON,
POET LAUREAT.*

ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE, SISTER
TO SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

UNDERNEATH this marble herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death, ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she, 5
Time shall throw his dart at thee.



ON MICHAEL DRAYTON, ESQ.

DOE, pious marble, let thy readers knowe,
What they, and what their children, owe
To Drayton's name, whose sacred dust
Wee recommend unto thy trust:
Protect his mem'ry, and preserve his storye,
Remaine a lasting monument of his glorie:

* Born 1574; dyed 1638.

And when thy ruines shall disclame
To be the treas'rer of his name,
His name, that cannot fade, shall be
An everlasting monument to thee.

10



TO HIS SON, VINCENT CORBET.

BY RICHARD CORBET, BISHOP OF NORWICH.*

WHAT I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well :
I wish thee (Vin) before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health :
Nor too much wealth, nor wit, come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee. 6
I wish thee learning, not for show,
Enough for to instruct, and know ;
Not such as gentlemen require,
To prate at table or at fire. 10
I wish thee all thy mothers graces,
Thy fathers fortunes, and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court,
Not to build on, but support ;
To keep thee, not in doing many 15
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy, nor contentious days ;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art, 20

* Born 1583; dyed 1635.

SONGS.

BY THOMAS CAREW, ESQ.*

MURDRING BEAUTY.

I'l gaze no more on her bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there in every place :
For my enchanted soul alike she drowns
With calms and tempests of her smiles and frowns.
I'l love no more those cruel eyes of hers, 5
Which, pleas'd or anger'd, still are murderers.
For if she dart (like lightning) thro' the ayr
Her beams of wrath, she kills me with despair ;
If she behold me with a pleasing eye,
I surfet with excessse of joy, and dye. 10



ETERNITY OF LOVE PROTESTED.

How ill doth he deserve a lover's name,
Whose pale weak flame
Cannot retain

* Born 1589; dyed 1639.

His heat in spight of absence or disdain;
But doth at once, like paper set on fire, 5
Burn and expire!
True love can never change his feat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
That noble flame, which my brest keeps alive,
Shall still survive 10
When my soule's fled;
Nor shall my love dye when my bodye's dead;
That shall wait on me to the lower shade,
And never fade.
My very ashes in their urn 15
Shall, like a hallowed lamp, for ever burn.



THE FAREWELL.

BY HENRY KING, BISHOP OF CHICHESTER.*

Splendidis longum valedico nugis.

FAREWELL, fond Love, under whose childish whip
I have serv'd out a weary prentiship;
Thou that hast made me thy scorn'd property,
To dote on rocks, but yielding loves to fly:
Go, bane of my dear quiet and content, 5
Now practise on some other patient.

Farewell, false Hope, that fann'd my warm desire,
Till it had rais'd a wild unruly fire,
Which nor sighs cool, nor tears extinguish can,
Although my eyes out-flow'd the ocean: 10
Forth of my thoughts for ever, thing of air,
Begun in error, finish'd in despair:

Farewell, vain World, upon whose restless stage
Twixt Love and Hope, I have soold out my age;
Henceforth, ere sue to thee for my redress, 15
Ile wooe the wind, or court the wilderness;
And buried from the dayes discovery,
Study a slow yet certain way to dy.

* Born 1591; dyed 1669.

My woful monument shall be a cell,
The murmur of the purling brook my knell; 20
My lasting epitaph the rock shall grone :
Thus when sad lovers ask the weeping stone,
What wretched thing does in that center lie ?
The hollow eccho will reply, 'twas I.



THE STORY OF PHOEBUS AND DAPHNE
APPLIED.

BY EDMUND WALLER, ESQ.*

THIRSIUS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no lesse amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy:
With numbers he the flying nimph pursues, 5
With numbers such as Phœbus self might use:
Such is the chase when love and fancy leads
Ore craggy mountains, and through flowry meads;
Invok'd to testify the lovers care,
Or form some image of his cruell fair. 10
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
Ore these he fled; and, now approaching near,
Had reacht the nimph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay;
Yet what he sung in his immortal strain, 15
Though unsuccesfull, was not sung in vain:
All, but the nimph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catcht at love, and fill'd his arm with bayes,

* Born 1605; dyed 1687.

ON MY LADY ISABELLA PLAYING ON
THE LUTE.

BY THE SAME.

SUCH moving sounds, from such a careless touch!
 So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!
 What art is this, that, with so little pains,
 Transports us thus, and o're our spirit reigns?
 The trembling strings about her fingers croud, 5
 And tell their joy for every kiss aloud:
 Small force there needs to make them tremble so;
 Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble too?
 Here Love takes stand, and, while she charms the
 ear,

Empties his quiver on the listening deer: 10
 Music so softens and disarms the minde,
 That not an arrow does resistance finde.
 Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,
 And acts herself the triumph of her eyes:
 So Nero once, with harp in hand, surway'd 15
 His flaming Rome, and as it burnt he play'd.



ON A TREE CUT IN PAPER.

BY THE SAME.

F AIR hand! that can on virgin-paper write,
Yet from the stain of ink preserve it white;
Whose travel o're that silver field does show
Like track of leveretts in morning snow.
Love's image thus in purest minds is wrought, 5
Without a spot, or blemish, to the thought.
Strange that your fingers should the pencil foil,
Without the help of colours, or of oyl!
For, though a painter boughs and leaves can make,
'Tis you alone can make them bend and shake:
Whose breath salutes your new-created grove, 11
Like southern winds, and makes it gently move.
Orpheus could make the forrest dance; but you
Can make the motion, and the forrest too.



L'ALLEGRO.

BY JOHN MILTON.*

HENCE, loathed Melancholy!
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shreiks, and sights unholy;
Find out som uncouth cell, 5
Wher brooding Darknes spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But com thou goddess fair and free,
In heav'n ycleap'd Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more, 15
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as som sager sing)
The frolick wind that breathes the spring,
Zephir, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying, 20

* Born 1608; dyed 1674.

There on beds of violets blew,
And fresh-blown roses washt in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckfom, blith, and debonair.
Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity, 26
Quips and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathed Smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek; 30
Sport that wrincled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Com, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastick toe,
And in thy right hand lead with thee 35
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crue,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-towre in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to com, in spight of sorrow, 45
And at my window bid good morrow,
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:

While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darknes thin, 50
And to the stack, or the barn dore,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Chearly rouse the slumbring Morn,
From the side of som hoar hill, 55
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Som time walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the plow-man, neer at hand,-
Whistles ore the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe, 65
And the mower whets his fithe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Streit mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the lantskip round it measures, 70
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren brest
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daifies pide, 75
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Towers, and battlements it sees,
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Wher perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met,
Are at their savory dinner set,
Of herbs, and other country messes, 85
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bowre she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead. 90
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocond rebecks sound
To many a youth, and many a maid, 95
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holyday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat,
She was pincht, and pull'd she fed,
And he, by friars lanthorn led,

Tells how the drudging Goblin swet, 105
To ern his cream-bowle duly set,
When in one night, ere glimps of morn,
His shadowy flae hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubbar fend, 110
And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of dores he flings,
Ere the first cock his mattin rings.
Thus don their tales, to bed they creep,
By whisp'ring winds soon lull'd asleep. 116
Towred cities please us then,
And the busie humm of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eies 121
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit, or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear, 125
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
And mask and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream,
On summer eeves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon, 131
If Jonsons learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespear, Fancies child,
Warble his native wood-notes wilde.
And ever against eating cares, 135
Lap me in soft Lydian aires,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness, long drawn out, 140
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that ty
The hidden soul of harmony :
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed 146
Of heapt Elysian flowres, and hear
Such streins as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half regain'd Eurydice. 150
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.



IL PENNEROSO.

BY THE SAME.

HENCE, vain deluding joyes !
 The brood of Folly without father bred ;
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixed mind with all your toyes !
 Dwell in som idle brain, 5
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless,
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10
 But hail thou goddess, sage and holy,
 Hail divinest Melancholy,
 Whose faintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view 15
 Orelaid with black, staid Wisdoms hue ;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnons sister might beseem,
 Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauties praise above 20
 The sea nymphs, and their powers offended :
 Yet thou art higher far descended ;

Thee bright-hair'd Vesta long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she (in Saturns reign 25
Such mixture was not held a stain)
Oft in glimmering bowres and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, penfive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majestick train,
And fable ſtole of Cipres lawn, 35
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Com, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With eev'n ſtep, and muſing gate,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy rapt ſoul fitting in thine eyes : 40
There held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring 47
Ay round about Joves altar ſing :
And add to theſe retired Leaſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure :

But first and chieft with thee bring,
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation ;
And the mute Silence hift along, 55
'Lefs Philomel will deign a fong,
In her sweeteft faddeft plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o're th' accustom'd oke ; 60
Sweet bird that shunn'ft the noife of folly,
Most mufical, most melancholy !
Thee chauntrefs oft, the woods among,
I woo to hear thy even-fong ;
And, miffing thee, I walk unseen 65
On the dry fmooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandring moon
Riding neer her higheft noon,
Like one that had bin led aftray,
Through the Heav'ns wide pathles way ;
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd, 71
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rifing ground,
I hear the far-off curfeu found,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhoar, 75
Swinging flow with fullen roar ;
Or if the air will not permit,
Som ſtill removed place will fit,

Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the belmans drowsie charm
To bless the dores from nightly harm :
Or let my lamp at midnight hour, 85
Be seen in som high lonely towr,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unspear
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook 91
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :
And of those Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent 95
With planet, or with element.
Som time let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall com sweeping by,
Presenting Thebs, or Pelops line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskind stage.
But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing 105
Such notes, as warbled to the string,

Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what Love did seek.
Or call up him * that left half told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous hors of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride ; 115
And if ought els great Bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys, and of trophies hung ;
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft see me in thy pale career
'Till civil-suited Morn appear, 122
Not trickt and frounc't as she was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt,
But cherchef't in a comely cloud, 125
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gulf hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruffling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the Sun begins to fling 131
His flaring beams, me goddess bring

* Chaucer. See his *Squires Tale*.

To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oake, 135
Where the rude ax, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from Day's garish eie,
While the bee with honied thie,
That at her flowry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep, 145
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep;
And let som strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portrature display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid. 150
And as I wake, sweet musick breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by som spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail 155
To walk the studious cloysters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antick pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dimm religious light. 160

There let the pealing organ blow
To the full voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems cleer,
As may with sweetness through mine ear,
Dissolve me into extasies, 165
And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peacefull hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell 170
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetick strain.
These pleasures Melancholy give, 175
And I with thee will choose to live.



LYCIDAS.

IN this Monody the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drown'd, in his passage from Chester, on the Irish seas, 1637. And by occasion foretels the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

BY THE SAME.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never-fear,
 I com to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forc'd fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year. 5
 Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
 Compells me to disturb your season due:
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
 He must not flote upon his watry biere
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind
 Without the meed of som melodious tear.
 Begin then, sisters of the sacred well, 15
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
 Begin, and somwhat loudly sweep the string:
 Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse:
 So may som gentle Muse

With lucky words favor my destin'd urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my fable shroud :
For we were nurs't upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd 25
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with those fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright, 30
Toward Heav'ns descent had stop'd his westering
wheel.

Mean while the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long, 35
And old Damætas lov'd to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gon,
Now thou art gon, and never must return !
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wilde thyme and the gadding vine o'regrown,
And all their echoes mourn. 41

The willows and the hazle copses green,
Shall now no more be seen,
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft layes.
As killing as the canker to the rose, 45
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,

Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrop wear,
When first the white thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds ear.

Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless
deep 50

Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wisard stream: 55
Ay me, I fondly dream!

Had ye bin there---for what could that have don?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore?
The Muse herself for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament, 60
When by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His goary visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherds trade, 65
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better don as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious dayes;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,

And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears, 75
And flits the thin spun life. But not the praise,
Phœbus repli'd, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glittering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd fount, 85
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oar proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea; 90
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the fellon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged winds
That blows from off each beaked promontory;
They knew not of his story, 95
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend fire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge 105
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake,
Two massy keyes he bore of metals twain, 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain)
He shook his miter'd locks, and stern bespake,
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold! 115
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouthes! that scarce themselves know how
to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought els the least
That to the faithfull herdsmans art belongs! 121
What recks it them? what need they? they are
sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed, 125
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw

Daily devours apace ; and nothing fed,
But that two-handed engine at the door, 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flourets of a thousand hues. 135
Ye valleys low, where the milde whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamel'd eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showres,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowres ; 141
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale gessamine,
The white pink, and the pansie fret with jeat,
The glowing violet, 145
The musk-rose, and the well attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive hed,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears ;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strow the laureat herse where Lycid lies :
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, whereere thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides, 156

Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows deny'd,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
Look homeward, angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead, 166
Sunk though he be beneath the watry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky: 171
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of him that walk'd the
waves,

Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves, 175
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love;
There entertain him all the fairs above,
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore,

In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood. 185

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th'oakes and
rills,

While the still morn went on with sandals gray,
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Dorick lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay ; 191
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blew :
Tomorrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.



SONNET.

BY THE SAME.

O Nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warbl'st at eve, when all the woods are still,
Thou with fresh hope the lovers heart dost fill,
While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day, 5
First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill
Portend success in love ; O, if Jove's will
Have linkt that amorous power to thy soft lay,

Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeles doom in som grove ny : 10
As thou from yeer to yeer hast sung too late
For my relief ; yet hadst no reason why :
Whether the Muse, or Love call thee his mate,
Both them I serve, and of their train am I.



MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

BY SAMUEL BUTLER.*

SHOULD once the world resolve t'abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
T'apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play, 5
Or state, to pass its time away.



Who doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage;
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind, 10
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion, o'er the rest.
And, as one shield that fell from heaven
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate 15
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand them least,
Are still the fiercest in contest; 20

* Born 1612; died 1680.

Unfight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lye for,
And at a venture live and die for.



A godly man, that has serv'd out his time 25
In holiness, may set up any crime ;
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.



Why should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade, 30
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion ?
B' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions ?
And in a congregation pray, 35
No less than Chancery, for pay ?



All writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing t' an instrument, 40
And poets by their sufferings grow ;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.



In foreign universities, 45
 When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
 Straight other studies are laid by,
 And all apply to poetry :
 Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
 And some, more wise, in Arabic, 50
 T' avoid the critic, and th' expence
 Of difficulter wit and sense ;
 And seem more learnedish than those
 That at a greater charge compose.
 The doctors lead, the students follow ; 55
 Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
 Some Jupiter, and give him th' odds,
 On even terms, of all the gods :
 Then Cæsar he's nicknam'd, as duly as
 He that in Rome was christen'd Julius, 60
 And was address'd to, by a crow,
 As pertinently long ago ;
 And, as wit goes by colleges,
 As well as standing and degrees,
 He still writes better than the rest, 65
 That's of the house that's counted best.



What makes all subjects discontent
 Against a prince's government,
 And princes take as great offence
 At subjects' disobedience, 70
 That neither th' other can abide,
 But too much reason on each side ?



No court allows those partial interlopers
Of Law and Equity, two single paupers,
T' encounter hand to hand, and trounce 75
Each other gratis in a suit at once :
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice ;
And, when the one side bringeth custom in,
And th' other lays out half the reckoning, 80
The devil himself will rather chuse to play
At paltry small game than sit out, they say ;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife Law and Justice, will not trot.



All smatterers are more brisk and pert 85
Than those that understand an art ;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.



As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good ; 90
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As ideots have a title to their land.



All the inventions that the world contains, 95
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains ;
But pass for theirs who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.



COOPERS HILL.

BY SIR JOHN DENHAM.*

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those:
And, as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So where the Muses and their train resort, 6
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height) 10
Through untrac't ways and aery paths I flye,
More boundlesse in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth, or sky, 16
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's, the late theme of such a muse † whose flight
Has bravely reach't and soar'd above thy height:

* Born 1615; died 1688.

† Mr. Waller.

Now shalt thou stand, though sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies, 25
And like a mist beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the crowd,
Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:
And is to him who rightly things esteems
No other in effect than what it seems: 30
Where, with like haste, though several ways, they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone;
While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the others ruine, and increase;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein 35
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content!
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Wind for the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells 40
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easie and unforc't ascent,
That no stupendious precipice denies
Access, no horror turns away our eyes:
But such a rise as doth at once invite 45
A pleasure, and a reverence from the sight:
Thy mighty masters emblem, in whose face
Sate meekness, heightned with majestick grace.

Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load, 50
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the sphears.
When Natures hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser power than Chance ;
Mark'd out for such a use, as if 'twere meant 55
T' invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when that we chuse,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestick tow'rs doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heavenly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast 61
Among that numerous, and celestial host,
More hero's than can Windsor, nor can Fames
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle 65
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,
(Tho' this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homers birth seven cities strove)
(Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame)
But whosoe're it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those several kings, to whom 75
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;

But thee, great Edward, and thy greater son,*
(The lillies which his father wore, he won)
And thy Bellona,† who the consort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame, 80
She to thy triumph led one captive king,
And brought that son, which did the second bring.‡
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move,
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less 85
Than the design, has been the great success,)
Which foreign kings, and emperours esteem
The second honour to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but giv'n thee skill
To know, as well as power to act, her will, 90
That from those kings, who then thy captives were,
In after-times should spring a royal pair
Who should possess all that thy mighty power,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour:
To whom their better fate reserves whate're 95
The victor hopes for, or the vanquisht fear;
That blood, which thou and thy great grandfire shed,
And all that since these sister nations bled,
Had been unpilt, had happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own. 100

* Edward the third, and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philip.

‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

When he that patron chose, in whom are joyn'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretell, and prophesie of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath joyn'd,
Which nature for their bound at first design'd. 106
That bound, which to the worlds extreamest ends,
Endless itself, it's liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the foldier and the faint. 110
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fixt thoughts my wandering eye betrays,
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chappel crown'd 'till in the common fate
The adjoining abby fell: (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruine must reform.) 116
Tell me, my muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury, or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just? 120
Were these their crimes? They were his own much
more:
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o're the shame 125
Of sacriledge, must bear devotions name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good:

Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And free from conscience is a slave to fame : 130
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
But princes swords are sharper than their stiles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends ;
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell, 135
In empty airy contemplations dwell ;
And like the block, unmoved lay ; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid, and our torrid zone ? 140
Cou'd we not wake from that lethargick dream,
But to be restless in a worse extream ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ? 146
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to erre by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sackt the land ? 150
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs,
What does he think our sacriledge would spare,
When such th' effects of our devotions are ? 156

Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays :
Thames, the most lov'd of all the Oceans fons
By his old fire, to his embraces runs ;
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold ; 166
His genuine and less guilty wealth t' explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore ;
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring. 170
Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay.
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoyl 175
The mowers hopes, nor mock the plowmans toyl :
But god-like his unwearied bounty flows ;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor all his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free, and common, as the sea or wind ; 180
When he to boast, or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours ;

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants; 186
 So that to us no thing, no place, is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the worlds exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme! 190
 Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o're-flowing full.
 Heaven her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine like lesser current's lost;
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Joves abodes, 195
 To shine among the stars, and bath the gods.
 Here * Nature, whether more intent to please
 Us or herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise maker's, than beholder's sight: 200
 Though these delights from several causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love;)

Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord, which did first disperse 205
 Form, order, beauty, through the universe:
 While driness moysture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists:
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood. 210

* The Forest.

Such huge extreams when nature doth unite,
Wonder from thence results, from thence delight.
The stream is so transparent, pure and clear,
That had the self-enamour'd youth * gaz'd here,
So fatally deceiv'd he had not been, 215
While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
But his proud head the aery mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle cloaths; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd;
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives, 225
While the kind river health and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest indears.
This scene had some bold Greek, or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard 230
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their aery shape
All but a quick poetick sight escape.
There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
'And thither all the horned host resorts 236

* Narcissus.

To graze the ranker mead, that noble heard,
On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
Great things are made, but sooner are undone. 240
Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
Gave leave to slacken, and unbend his cares,
Attended to the chase by all the flower
Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
And with a foe that would not only flye. 246
The stag now conscious of his fatal growth,
At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
To some dark covert his retreat had made,
Where nor mans eye, nor heavens should invade
His soft repose; when th' unexpected sound 251
Of dogs, and men, his wakeful ear doth wound;
Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
Willing to think th' illusions of his fear
Had giv'n this false alarm, but straight his view
Confirms, that more than all he fears is true. 256
Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
All instruments, all arts of ruine met;
He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
His winged heels, and then his armed head; 260
With these t' avoid, with that his fate to meet:
But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
Has lost the chasers, and his ear the cry;

Exulting, 'till he finds their nobler sense 265
Their disproportion'd speed does recompense ;
Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
Then tries his friends ; among the baser herd,
Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd, 270
His safety seeks : The herd, unkindly wise,
Or chases him from thence, or from him flies ;
Like a declining states-man, left forlorn
To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn,
With shame remembers, while himself was one
Of the same herd, himself the same had done. 276
Thence to the coverts, and the conscious groves,
The scenes of his past triumphs, and his loves ;
Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone
Prince of the fowl, and all the herd his own ; 280
And like a bold knight-errant did proclaim
Combat to all, and bore away the dame ;
And taught the woods to eccho to the stream
His dreadful challenge, and his clashing beam :
Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife ; 285
So much his love was dearer than his life.
Now every leaf, and every moving breath,
Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
Wearied, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
All safety in despair of safety plac'd, 290
Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear :

And now too late he wishes for the fight
That strength he wasted in ignoble flight :
But when he sees the eager chase renew'd, 295
Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
Repents his courage, than his fear before ;
Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
And doubt a greater mischief than despair. 300
Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course ;
Thinks not their rage so desperate t' assay
An element more merciless than they ;
But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood 305
Quench their dire thirst ; alas, they thirst for blood.
So towards a ship the oare-fin'd gallies ply,
Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
Tempt the last fury of extream despair. 310
So fares the stag, among th' enraged hounds,
Repels their force, and wounds returns for wounds.
And as a hero, whom his baser foes
In troops surround, now these assails, now those,
Though prodigal of life, disdains to die 315
By common hands ; but if he can descry
Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
So when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
From his unerring hand, then glad to dye, 320

Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent, and happy chase,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair Liberty pursu'd, and meant a prey 325
 To lawless power, here turn'd, and stood at bay.*
 When in that remedy all hope was plac't,
 Which was, or should have been at least, the last.
 Here was that charter seal'd,† wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down: 330
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same center move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood. 336
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave,
 Th' advantage only took, the more to crave:
 Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
 And even that power, that should deny, betray.
 "Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 "Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts but
 spoils."
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could hold,
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:

* Runny Mead, where that great charter was first sealed.

† Magna Charta.

And popular sway, by forcing kings to give 345
More than was fit for subjects to receive,
Ran to the same extreams ; and one excess
Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
Or snows dissolv'd, o'reflows th' adjoining plains,
The husbandmen with high-rais'd banks secure
Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
But if with bays and dams they strive to force
His channel to a new, or narrow course ;
No longer then within his banks he dwells, 355
First to a torrent, then a deluge swells :
Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
And knows no bound, but makes his power his
shores.



TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

BY RICHARD LOVELACE, ESQ.*

WHEN Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lye tangled in her haire, 5
And fetter'd 'with' her eye,
The 'birds' that wanton in the aire
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames, 10
Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyall flames;
When thirsty grieve in wine we steepe,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deepe 15
Know no such libertie.

When, 'linnet-like, confined' I
With shriller note shall sing
The sweetnes, mercy, majesty,
And glories of my king; 20

* Born 1618; dyed 1658.

V. 6. to. V. 7. Gods.

V. 17. (like committed linnets).

When I shall voyce aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
[Th'] enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
Know no such libertie,

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25

Nor iron bars a cage ;
Mindes innocent, and quiet, take
That for a hermitage :

If I have freedome in my love,
And in my soule am free ; 30
Angels alone, that fore above,
Injoy such libertie.



THE WAITING-MAID.

BY ABRAHAM COWLEY, ESQ.*

THU Maid? Ah, find some nobler theme,
 Whereon thy doubts to place;
 Nor, by a low suspect, blaspheme
 The glories of thy face.

Alas, she makes thee shine so fair,
So exquisitely bright,
That her dim lamp must disappear
Before thy potent light.

Three hours each morn in dressing thee,
Maliciously are spent ; 10
And make that beauty tyranny,
That's else a civil-government,

Th' adorning thee with so much art
Is but a barb'rous skill ;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart, 15
Too apt before to kill.

* Born 1618; dyed 1667.

The ministring angels none can see ;
 'Tis not their beauty or face,
 For which by men they worship'd be ;
 But their high office, and their place. 20
 Thou art my goddess ; my faint, she ;
 I pray to her, only to pray to thee.



THE EPICURE.

[FROM ANACREON.]

BY THE SAME.

UNDERNEATH this myrtle shade,
 On flow'ry beds supinely laid,
 With od'rous oyls my head o'erflowing,
 And around it roses growing,
 What should I do but drink away 5
 The heat, and troubles of the day ?
 In this more than kingly state,
 Love himself shall on me wait.
 Fill to me, Love ; nay, fill it up ;
 And mingled cast into the cup 10
 Wit, and mirth, and noble fires,
 Vigorous health, and gay desires ;

The wheel of life no less will stay
 In a smooth, than rugged way :
 Since it equally doth fly, 15
 Let the motion pleasant be.
 Why do we precious ointments show'r,
 Nobler wines why do we pour,
 Beauteous flowers why do we spread,
 Upon the mon'ments of the dead ? 20
 Nothing they but dust can show,
 Or bones that hasten to be so.
 Crown me with roses whilst I live,
 Now your wines and ointments give :
 After death I nothing crave, } 25
 Let me alive my pleasures have,
 All are stoicks in the grave.



CLAUDIANS OLD MAN OF VERONA.

BY THE SAME.

HAPPY the man, who his whole time doth bound,
 Within th' enclosure of his little ground.
 Happy the man, whom the same humble place,
 (Th' hereditary cottage of his race)

From his first rising infancy has known; 5
And by degrees fees gently bending down
With natural propension to that earth,
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by Fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wandrings get. 10
He never dangers either saw or fear'd :
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers bar.
No change of consuls marks to him the year, 15
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat winter and summer shows,
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flow'rs, he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground. 20
A neighb'ring wood born with himself he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
H' as only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it like the Indies, but by fame,
Does with a like concernment notice take 25
Of the Red-sea, and of Benacus lake.
Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And fees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam,
The voyage life is longest made at home. 30



PRAYER.

[FROM HIS OWN LATIN.]

BY THE SAME.

FOR the few hours of life allotted me,
Give me (great God) but bread and liberty;
I'll beg no more: if more thou'rt pleas'd to give,
I'll thankfully that overplus receive:
If beyond this no more be freely sent, 5
I'll thank for this, and go away content.



THE NYMPH COMPLAINING FOR THE
DEATH OF HER FAWN.

BY ANDREW MARVELL, ESQ.*

THE wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
That kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst alive
Them any harm: alas, nor could 5
Thy death yet do them any good.
I'm sure I never wisht them ill;
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with heaven to forget 10
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But, O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heav'n's King
Keeps register of every thing:
And nothing may we use in vain, 15
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain.
Unconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,

* Born 1620; dyed 1678.

One morning (I remember well)
 Ty'd in this silver chain and bell, 20
 Gave it to me : nay, and I know
 What he said then ; I'm sure I do.
 Said he, look how your huntsman here
 Hath taught a fawn to hunt his *dear*.
 But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd : 25
 This waxed tame, while he grew wild ;
 And quite regardless of my smart,
 Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
 My solitary time away, 30
 With this : and very well content,
 Could so mine idle life have spent :
 For it was full of sport ; and light
 Of foot, and heart ; and did invite
 Me to its game : it seem'd to bless 35
 Itself in me. How could I less
 Than love it ? O I cannot be
 Unkind t' a beast that loveth me.

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
 Whether it too might have done so 40
 As Sylvio did ; his gifts might be
 Perhaps as false, or more than he.
 But I am sure, for ought that I
 Could in so short a time espy,
 Thy love was far more better than 45
 The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk, and sugar, first
I it at mine own fingers nurst :
And as it grew, so every day
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath ! and oft 51
I blusht to see its foot more soft
And white, shall I say than my hand ?
Nay, any lady's of the land.

It is a wond'rous thing how fleet 55
'Twas on those little silver feet :
With what a pretty skipping grace,
It oft would challenge me the race
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay.
For it was nimbler much than hinds ; 61
And trod, as if on the four winds.
I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lillies, that you would it guess 65
To be a little wilderness.
And all the spring-time of the year
It only loved to be there.
Among the beds of lillies I
Have sought it, oft, where it should lye :
Yet could not, till itself would rise, 71
Find it, although before mine eyes :
For, in the flaxen lillies shade,
It like a bank of lillies laid.

Upon the roses it would feed, 75
 Untill its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed :
 And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
 And print those roses on my lip.
 But all its chief delight was still
 On roses thus its self to fill : 80
 And its pure virgin limbs to fold
 In whitest sheets of lillies cold.
 Had it liv'd long, it would have been
 Lillies without, roses within.

O help ! O help ! I see it faint : 85
 And die as calmly as a faint.
 See now it weeps. The tears do come
 Sad, slowly dropping like a gumme.
 So weeps the wounded balsome : fo
 The holy frankincense doth flow. 90
 The brotherless Heliades
 Melt in such amber tears as these.

I in a golden vial will
 Keep these two crystal tears ; and fill
 It 'till it do o'erflow with mine ; 95
 Then place it in Diana's shrine.

Now my sweet fawn is vanish'd to
 Whither the swans and turtles go :
 In fair Elyzium to endure,
 With milk-white lambs, and ermins, pure.
 O do not run too fast : for I 101
 Will but bespeak thy grave, and die.

First my unhappy statue shall
Be cut in marble ; and withal,
Let it be weeping too : but there 105
Th' engraver sure his art may spare ;
For I so truly thee bemoan,
That I shall weep though I be stone :
Untill my tears, still dropping, wear
My breast, themselves engraving there.
There at my feet shalt thou be laid, 111
Of purest alabaster made :
For I would have thine image be
White as I can, though not as thee.



HORACE. LIB. IV. ODE 7.

BY SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, BART.*

THE snows are melted all away,
The fields grow flow'ry, green, and gay,
The trees put on their tender leaves ;
And all the streams, that went astray,
The brook again into her bed receives. 5

See ! the whole earth has made a change :
The nymphs and graces naked range
About the fields, who shrunk before
Into their caves. The empty grange
Prepares its room for a new summer's store. 10

Left thou shouldst hope immortal things,
The changing year instruction brings,
The fleeting hour, that steals away
The beggar's time, and life of kings,
But ne'er returns them, as it does the day. 15

The cold grows soft with western gales,
The Summer over Spring prevails,
But yields to Autumn's fruitful rain,
As this to Winter storms and hails ;
Each loss the hasting moons repair again. 20

* Born 1628; dyed 1698.

But we, when once our race is done,
 With Tullus, and Anchises' son,
 (Though rich like one, like t'other good)
 To dust and shades, without a sun,
 Descend, and sink in deep oblivion's flood. 25

Who knows, if the kind gods will give
 Another day to men that live
 In hope of many distant years;
 Or if one night more shall retrieve
 The joys thou lovest by thy idle fears? 30

The pleasant hours thou spend'st in health,
 The use thou mak'st of youth and wealth,
 As what thou giv'st among thy friends
 Escapes thy heirs, so those the stealth
 Of time and death, where good and evil ends. 35

For when that comes, nor birth, nor fame,
 Nor piety, nor honest name,
 Can e'er restore thee. Theseus bold,
 Nor chaste Hippolitus could tame
 Devouring Fate, that spares nor young nor old.



SONG.

BY CHARLES COTTON, ESQ.*

I.

FIE, pretty Doris! weep no more,
Damon is doubtless safe on shoar,
Despight of wind and wave;
The life is fate-free that you cherish,
And 'tis unlike he now should perish 5
You once thought fit to save.

II.

Dry (sweet) at last, those twins of light,
Which whilst eclips'd, with us 'tis night,
And all of us are blind:
The tears that you so freely shed, 10
Are both too precious for the dead,
And for the quick too kind.

III.

Fie, pretty Doris! sigh no more,
The gods your Damon will restore,
From rocks and quicksands free; 15
Your wishes will secure his way,
And doubtless he, for whom you pray,
May laugh at destiny.

* Born 1630; dyed 1688.

IV.

Still then those tempests of your breast,
 And set that pretty heart at rest, 20
 The man will soon return :
 Those sighs for heav'n are only fit,
 Arabian gums are not so sweet,
 Nor off'rings when they burn:

V.

On him you lavish grief in vain, 25
 Can't be lamented, nor complain,
 Whilst you continue true :
 That ' man' disaster is above,
 And needs no pity, that does love
 And is belov'd by you. 30



THE MORNING QUATRAINS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE cock has crow'd an hour ago,
 'Tis time we now dull sleep forgo ;
 Tir'd nature is by sleep redress'd,
 And labour's overcome by rest.

V. 29. man's.

II.

We have out-done the work of night, 5
 'Tis time we rise t' attend the light,
 And e'er he shall his beams display,
 To plot new bus'ness for the day.

III.

None but the slothfull, or unsound,
 Are by the fun in feathers found, 10
 Nor, without rising with the sun,
 Can the world's bus'ness e'er be done.

IV.

Hark! hark! the watchfull chanticleer
 Tells us the day's bright harbinger
 Peeps o'er the Eastern hills, to awe 15
 And warn night's sov'reign to withdraw.

V.

The morning curtains now are drawn,
 And now appears the blushing dawn;
 Aurora has her roses shed,
 To strew the way Sol's steeds must tread. 20

VI.

Xanthus and Æthon harness'd are,
 To roll away the burning carr,
 And, snorting flame, impatient bear
 The dressing of the chariotier.

VII.

The sable cheeks of fullen Night 25
Are streak'd with rosie streams of light,
Whilst she retires away in fear,
To shade the other hemisphere.

VIII.

The merry lark now takes her wings,
And long'd-for days loud wellcome sings, 30
Mounting her body out of fight,
As if she meant to meet the light.

IX.

Now doors and windows are unbar'd,
Each-where are chearfull voices heard,
And round about good-morrows fly, 35
As if day taught humanity.

X.

The chimnies now to smoke begin,
And the old wife sits down to spin,
Whilst Kate, taking her pail, does trip
Mulls swoln and stradl'ing paps to strip. 40

XI.

Vulcan now makes his anvil ring,
Dick whistles loud, and Maud doth sing,
And Silvio with his bugle horn
Winds an imprime unto the morn.

XII.

Now through the morning doors behold 45
 Phœbus array'd in burning gold,
 Lashing his fiery steeds, displays
 His warm and all enlight'ning rays.

XIII.

Now each one to his work prepares,
 All that have hands are labourers, 50
 And manufactures of each trade
 By op'ning shops are open laid.

XIV.

Hob yokes his oxen to the team,
 The angler goes unto the stream,
 The wood-man to the 'purlew hies,' 55
 And lab'ring bees to load their thighs.

XV.

Fair Amaryllis drives her flocks,
 All night safe folded from the fox,
 To flow'ry downs, where Collin strays,
 To court her with his roundelays. 60

XVI.

The traveller now leaves his inn
 A new day's journey to begin,
 As he would post it with the day,
 And early rising makes good way.

V. 55. purlews high.

XVII.

The flick-fac'd school-boy fachel takes, 65
And with slow pace small riddance makes ;
For why, the haste we make, you know,
To knowledge and to vertue's slow.

XVIII.

The fore-horse gingles on the road,
The waggoner lugs on his load, 70
The field with busie people snies,
And city rings with various cries.

XIX.

The world is now a busie swarm,
All doing good, or doing harm ;
But let's take heed our acts be true, 75
For heaven's eye sees all we do.

XX.

None can that piercing sight evade,
It penetrates the darkest shade ;
And sin, though it could scape the eye,
Would be discover'd by the cry. 80



NOON QUATRAINS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE day grows hot, and darts his rays
 From such a sure and killing place,
 That this half world are fain to fly
 The danger of his burning eye.

II.

His early glories were benign, 5
 Warm to be felt, bright to be seen;
 And all was comfort, but who can
 Endure him when meridian?

III.

Of him we as of kings complain,
 Who mildly do begin to reign, 10
 But to the zenith got of pow'r,
 Those whom they should protect devour.

IV.

Has not another Phaeton
 Mounted the chariot of the sun,
 And, wanting art to guide his horse, 15
 Is hurri'd from the sun's due course.

V.

If this hold on, our fertile lands
Will soon be turn'd to parched sands,
And not an onion that will grow,
Without a Nile to overflow. 20

VI.

The grazing herds now droop and pant,
E'en without labour fit to faint,
And willingly 'forfake' their meat,
To seek out cover from the heat.

VII.

The lagging ox is now unbound, 25
From larding the new turn'd up ground,
Whilst Hobbinol alike o'er-laid,
Takes his 'coarse' dinner to the shade.

VIII.

Cellars and grottos now are best
To eat and drink in, or to rest, 30
And not a soul above is found
Can find a refuge under ground.

IX.

When Pagan tyranny grew hot,
Thus persecuted Christians got
Into the dark but friendly womb 35
Of unknown subterranean Rome.

X.

And as that heat did cool at last,
 So a few scorching hours o'er pass'd,
 In a more mild and temp'rate ray
 We may again enjoy the day.

40



EVENING QUATRAINS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE day's grown old, the fainting fun
 Has but a little way to run;
 And yet his steeds, with all his skill,
 Scarce hug the chariot down the hill.

II.

With labour spent, and thirst oppress'd,
 Whilst they strain hard to gain the West,
 From fetlocks hot drops melted light,
 Which 'turns' to meteors in the night.

5

III.

The shadows now so long do grow,
 That brambles like tall cedars show,
 Mole-hills seem mountains, and the ant
 Appears a monstrous elephant.

10

IV.

A very little little flock
Shades thrice the ground that it would stock ;
Whilst the small stripling following them, 15
Appears a mighty Polypheme.

V.

These being brought into the fold,
And by the thrifty master told,
He thinks his wages are well paid,
Since none are either lost or stray'd. 20

VI.

Now lowing herds are each-where heard,
Chains rattle in the villains yard,
The cart's on tayl set down to rest,
Bearing on high the cuckolds crest.

VII.

The hedg is stript, the clothes brought in,
Nought's left without should be within, 26
The bees are hiv'd, and hum their charm,
Whilst every house does seem a swarm.

VIII.

The cock now to the roost is prest,
For he must call up all the rest ; 30
The sow's fast pegg'd within the sty,
To still her squeaking progeny.

IX.

Each one has had his supping mess,
 The cheefe is put into the prefs ;
 The pans and bowls clean scalded all, 35
 Rear'd up against the milk-house wall.

X.

And now on benches all are sat
 In the cool air to sit and chat,
 Till Phœbus, dipping in the West,
 Shall lead the world the way to rest. 40



NIGHT QUATRAINS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE sun is set, and gone to sleep
 With the fair princefs of the deep,
 Whose bosom is his cool retreat,
 When fainting with his proper heat.

II.

His steeds their flaming nostrils cool 5
 In spume of the cerulean pool ;
 Whilst the wheels dip their hissing naves
 Deep in Columbus' western waves.

III.

From whence great rows of smoke arise
 To overshadow the beauteous skies ; 10
 Who bid the world's bright eye adieu
 In gelid tears of falling dew.

IV.

And now from the Iberian 'vale'
 Night's fable steeds her chariot 'hale,'
 Where double cypress curtains screen 15
 The gloomy melancholick queen.

V.

These, as they higher mount the sky,
 Ravish all colour from the eye,
 And leave it but an useless glass,
 Which few, or no reflections grace. 20

VI.

The crystal arch o're Pindus' crown
 Is on a sudden dusky grown,
 And all's with fun'ral black o'respread,
 As if the day, which sleeps, were dead.

VII.

No ray of light the heart to cheer, 25
 But little twinkling stars appear ;
 Which like faint dying embers ly,
 Fit nor to work, nor travel by.

V. 13. valca.

V. 14. hales.

VIII.

Perhaps to him they torches are,
 Who 'guides' Night's fovereigns drowsy car,
 And him they may befriend so near, 31
 But us they neither light nor chear.

IX.

Or else those little sparks of light
 Are nayls that tyre the wheels of night,
 Which to new stations still are brought, 35
 As they rowl o'r the gloomy vault.

X.

Or nayls that arm the horses hoof,
 Which trampling o're the marble roof,
 And striking fire in the air,
 We mortals call a shooting star. 40

XI.

That's all the light we now receive,
 Unless what belching vulcans give,
 And those yield such a kind of light
 As adds more horror to the night.

XII.

Nyctimine now freed from day, 45
 From fullen bush flies out to prey,
 And does with feret note proclaim
 Th' arrival of th' usurping dame.

V. 30. guide.

XIII.

The rail now cracks in fields and meads,
Toads now forsake the nettle-beds, 50
The tim'rous hare goes to relief,
And wary men bolt out the thief.

XIV.

The fire's new rak't, and hearth swept clean,
By Madg, the dirty kitchin-quean,
The safe is lock't, the mouse-trap set, 55
The leaven laid, and bucking wet.

XV.

Now in false floors and roofs above,
The lustful cats make ill-tun'd love,
The ban-dog on the dunghil lies,
And watchful nurse sings lullabies. 60

XVI.

Philomel chants it whilst she bleeds,
The bittern booms it in the reeds,
And Reynard entering the back yard,
The Capitolian cry is heard.

XVII.

The goblin now the fool alarms, 65
Haggs meet to mumble o're their charms;
The night-mare rides the dreaming afs,
And fairies trip it on the grafs.

XVIII.

The drunkard now supinely snores,
His load of ale sweats through his pores, 70
Yet when he wakes the swine shall find
A cropola remains behind.

XIX.

The sober now and chaste are blest
With sweet, and with refreshing rest,
And to sound sleepst hey've best pretence 75
Who've greatest share of innocence.

XX.

We should so live then that we may
Fearless put off our clotts and clay,
And travel through death's shades to light,
For every day must have its night. 80

V. 76. Have.



THEODORE AND HONORIA.

[A TRANSLATION FROM BOCCACE.]

BY JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

POET LAUREAT.*

OF all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with gen'rous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest, 5
With gifts of fortune and of nature blest'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honor held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.

This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name; 10
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind;
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none)
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone;
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize;
But found no favour in his ladys eyes: }

* Born 1631; dyed 1701.

Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid 23
 Turn'd all to poison, that he did or said :
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could }
 move ;
 The work went backward ; and the more he strove }
 T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
 Weary'd, at length, and wanting remedy, 25
 He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
 But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
 For who would die to gratify a foe ?
 His gen'rous mind disdain'd so mean a fate ;
 That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate. 30
 But vainer that relief than all the rest, }
 The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd ;
 Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
 Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care ;
 He sought a fairer, but found none so fair. 35
 He would have worn her out by slow degrees, }
 As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease :
 But present love requir'd a present ease.
 Looking he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
 Feeds ling'ring death, but looking not he dies.
 Yet still he chose the longest way to fate, 41
 Wasting at once his life, and his estate.
 His friends beheld, and pity'd him in vain,
 For what advice can ease a lovers pain !
 Absence, the best expedient they could find, 45
 Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind :

This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.

Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went, 50
With large expence, and with a pompous train, }
Provided as to visit France and Spain, }
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short,
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court. 55

Three miles he went, nor farther could retreat ;
His travels ended at his country-seat :
To Chaffis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.

The spring was in the prime ; the neighbouring
grove

Supply'd with birds, the choristers of love :
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night :
There he discharg'd his friends ; but not th' expence
Of frequent treats, and proud magnificence. 65
He liv'd as kings retire, tho more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge ;
With house and heart still open to receive ;
As well content as love would give him leave :
He would have liv'd more free ; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast. 71

It happ'd one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed ;

To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side furrounded by a wood : 75

Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find ;

'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd ; }
The winds within the quiv'ring branches play'd, }
And dancing trees a mournful music made.

The place itself was suiting to his care, 81
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.

He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent :

The day already half his race had run, }
And summon'd him to due repast at noon, }
But love could feel no hunger but his own.

While list'ning to the murm'ring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid ; the whisp'ring sound
Was dumb ; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground ;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread ; }

A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head, }
And his ears tinkled, and his color fled ; }

Nature was in alarm ; some danger nigh 95
Seem'd threaten'd, tho unseen to mortal eye.

Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole ;
Not long : for soon a whirlwind rose around,

And from afar he heard a screaming sound, 100

As of a dame distress'd, who cry'd for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.

A thicket close beside the grove there stood
With briers and brambles choak'd, and dwarfish
wood;

From thence the noise, which now approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear; 106
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade,
Stripp'd of her cloaths, and ev'n those parts reveal'd,
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing thro the brakes, and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursued,
And oft their fasten'd fangs in blood embu'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side;
Mercy, O mercy, heav'n! she ran, and cry'd;
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold
again,

Then sprung she forth, they follow'd her amain.

Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chace; 120
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He chear'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.

As Theodore was born of noble kind, 125
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, tho unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.

A saplin pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found. 130
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.

The knight came thund'ring on, but, from afar,
Thus, in imperious tone, forbad the war :
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief, 135
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief ;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way :
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suff'ring death for this ungrateful maid. 140

He said, at once dismounting from the steed ;
For now the hell-hounds, with superior speed,
Had reach'd the dame, and, fast'ning on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dy'd ;
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright, 145
With chatt'ring teeth, and bristling hair upright ;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee ;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defy'd ;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus reply'd : 150

Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name :
One common fire our fathers did beget,
My name and story some remember yet :
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid, 155
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid ;

Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
 Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
 What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
 But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
 She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
 Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
 Then, loathing life, and plung'd in deep despair,
 To finish my unhappy life, I fell
 On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.

Short was her joy; for soon th' insulting maid
 By heav'n's decree in this cold grave was laid:
 And as in unrepented sin she dy'd,
 Doom'd to the same bad place is punish'd for her
 pride:

Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die, 170
 And made a merit of her cruelty.

There, then, we met; both try'd, and both were
 cast,

And this irrevocable sentence pass'd;
 That she, whom I so long pursu'd in vain,
 Should suffer from my hands a ling'ring pain:
 Renew'd to life, that she might daily die, 176

I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
 No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
 I seek her life (for love is none below):
 As often as my dogs with better speed 180

Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
 Then with this fatal sword, on which I dy'd,
 I pierce her open back, or tender side,

And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds
a feast. 185

Nor lies she long, but, as the fates ordain,
Sprints up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain. }

This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates ;
Her heart and bowels thro her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue.
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.

And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground, 196

When thus the grisly spectre spoke again :
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain :

As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate 200

To daily death ; and ev'ry several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment ; and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me !

As in this grove I took my last farewell, 205

As on this very spot of earth I fell,

As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes ev'n here, on this revolving day.

Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstart'd fresh, already clos'd the wound, 210

And, unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore :
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food :
The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace ;
And all the vision vanish'd from the place. 216

Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's
law :

He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first ; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend ?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend. }
But yet, reflecting that it could not be 225
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare,
Which hell for his destruction did prepare ;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect. 230

Inspir'd from heaven he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay :
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid, 235
With words premeditated, thus he said :
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love ;

By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
 Tho late yet is at last become my care : 240
 My heart shall be my own ; my vast expence
 Reduc'd to bounds, by timely providence ;
 This only I require ; invite for me
 Honoria, with her fathers family,
 Her friends, and mine ; the cause I shall display,
 On Friday next ; for that's th' appointed day. 246
 Well pleas'd were all his friends, the task was light,
 The father, mother, daughter, they invite ;
 Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast ;
 But yet resolv'd, because it was the last. 250
 The day was come, the guests invited came,
 And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame :
 A feast prepar'd with riotous expence,
 Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
 The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove,
 Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love : 256
 The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
 With flowers below, and tissue overhead :
 The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
 Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
 To front the thicket, and behold the chace. }
 The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
 That just when the desert and fruits were plac'd,
 The fiend's alarm began ; the hollow sound
 Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around, }
 Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the
 ground.

Nor long before the loud laments arise
 Of one distress'd, and mastiffs mingled cries;
 And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
 And next the famish'd hounds, that fought their food,
 And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws
 in blood.

Last came the felon, on his sable steed,
 Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs
 to speed.

She ran, and cry'd, her flight directly bent,
 (A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
 The scene of death, and place design'd for punish-
 ment.

Loud was the noise, aghast was ev'ry guest,
 The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
 The hounds at nearer distance hoarsly bay'd;
 The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid,
 She rent the heav'n with loud laments, imploring
 aid.

The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
 Their fauchions brandish'd at the grisly sight;
 High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight,
 Then on the crowd he cast a furious look, 285
 And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
 Back on your lives; let be, said he, my prey,
 And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
 Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
 Against th' eternal doom of Providence: 290
 Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
 Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.

At this the former tale again he told,
 With thund'ring tone, and dreadful to behold :
 Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
 Nor needed to be warn'd a second time, 296
 But bore each other back : some knew the face,
 And all had heard the much-lamented case }
 Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.

And now th' infernal minister advanc'd, 300
 Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury 'lanc'd'
 Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
 Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
 The reeking entrails next he tore away,
 And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey. 305
 The pale assistants on each other star'd,
 With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd ;
 The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
 And dy'd imperfect on the fault'ring tongue.
 The fright was general ; but the female band
 (A helpless train) in more confusion stand : 311
 With horror shudd'ring, on a heap they run,
 Sick at the sight of hateful justice done ; }
 For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case
 their own.

So spread upon a lake, with upward eye, 315
 A plump of fowl behold their foe on high ;
 They close their trembling troop ; and all attend
 On whom the fowling eagle will descend.

But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
 And thought to her alone the vision sent. 320
 Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
 Heav'n's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind, }
 And the same fate to the same sin assign'd.
 Already sees herself the monster's prey,
 And feels her heart and entrails torn away. 325
 'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
 Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
 The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around,
 The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground;
 When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath, 330
 Again she rose, again to suffer death;
 Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
 But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
 Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
 And mounting light as air his sable steed he spurr'd:
 The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd the light,
 And Nature stood recover'd of her fright.
 But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
 And horror heavy sat on ev'ry mind.
 Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast, 340
 But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
 Some deep designs; which when Honoria view'd,
 The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
 She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
 And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal
 steed:

The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
 Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
 Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind
 adieu. }

That sting infix'd within her haughty mind,
 The downfall of her empire she divin'd;
 And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd. }
 Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd,
 Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd, }
 And of the sight obscene so lately view'd. }
 None durst arraign the righteous doom she bore,
 Ev'n they who pity'd most, yet blam'd her more:
 The parallel they needed not to name,
 But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.

At ev'ry little noise she look'd behind,
 For still the knight was present to her mind: 360
 And anxious oft she started on the way,
 And thought the horseman-ghost came thund'ring
 for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
 But in short slumbers dreamt the fun'ral feast:
 Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
 The same black vapors mounted in her brain, }
 And the same dreams return'd with double pain. }

Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
 Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
 She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind, 370
 And fear'd, at every step, a twitching spright behind,

Darkling and desperate, with a stagg'ring pace,
 Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
 Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd,
 Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
 Friday the fatal day, when next it came, 376
 Her soul forethought the fiend would change his
 game,
 And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
 And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er
 the plain.
 This dreadful image so possess'd her mind, 380
 That desperate any succour else to find,
 She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
 To make reflexion on th' unhappy man.
 Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd,
 Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd: 385
 Of all the men respected and admir'd,
 Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
 Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
 By him with knightly deeds, and open love pro-
 fess'd? }
 So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
 This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
 That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
 The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd,
 Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
 He took a low'ring leave; but who can tell 395
 What outward hate might inward love conceal?

Her sex's arts she knew ; and why not, then,
 Might deep dissembling have a place in men ?
 Here hope began to dawn ; resolv'd to try,
 She fix'd on this her utmost remedy :
 Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
 'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
 The precipice in sight : a shrub was all,
 That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.

One maid she had, belov'd above the rest : 405
 Secure of her, the secret she confess'd ;
 And now the chearful light her fears dispell'd,
 She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
 But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd :
 With faults confess'd commission'd her to go, 410
 If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe ;
 The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd ;
 'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd ;
 Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present ;
 He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
 Should he delay the moment of consent.
 There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
 The modesty of maidens well might spare) ;
 But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd,
 (As women, where they will, are all in haste)
 The father, mother, and the kin beside, 421
 Were overborn by fury of the tide ;
 With full consent of all she chang'd her state ;
 Resistless in her love, as in her hate.

By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.



ALEXANDERS FEAST;

OR

THE POWER OF MUSIC;

AN ODE,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

BY THE SAME.

I.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philips warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne: 5
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound:
(So should desert in arms be crown'd)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride, 10
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, plac'd on high 20
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove, 25
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love)
 A dragons fiery form bely'd the god:
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia prefs'd:, 30
 And while he fought her snowy breast:
 Then, round her slender waist he curl'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
 the world.
 The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity, they shout around: 35
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound:

With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

*With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the God,
 Affects to nod, 45
 And seems to shake the spheres.*

III.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums; 50
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes.
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain; 55
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS.

*Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure ;
 Rich the treasure,
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.*

65

IV.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he
 flew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heaven and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.

70

He chose a mournful muse
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius great and good,

75

By too severe a fate,
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltring in his blood.

Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed :
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.

80

With downcast looks the joyless victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul 85
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ; 90
And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
And tears began to flow.

V.

The mighty master smil'd to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying,
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair 110
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS.

*The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gaz'd on the fair
 Who caus'd his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again: 120
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.*

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
 Hark, hark, the horrid sound
 Has rais'd up his head:
 As awak'd from the dead,
 And amaz'd, he stares around. 130
 Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
 See the Furies arise:
 See the snakes that they rear
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

DRYDEN.

123

Behold a ghastly band, 136

Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain

Inglorious on the plain : 140

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they tofs their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ; 146

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

VII.

Thus, long ago,

155

Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus, to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle fierce desire.

At last divine Cecilia came, 161
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 165
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down. 170

G R A N D C H O R U S .

At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds, 175
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown ;
He rais'd a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down. 180



ON HIS MISTRESS DROWN'D.

BY THO. SPRATT, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.*

SWEET stream, that doth with equal pace
Both thy self fly, and thy self chace
Forbear awhile to flow,
And listen to my woe.

Then go, and tell the sea that all its brine
Is fresh, compar'd to mine ;
Inform it that the gentler dame,
Who was the life of all my flame,
In the glory of her bud,
Has pass'd the fatal flood,
Death by this only stroke triumphs above
The greatest power of Love :
Alas, alas ! I must give o'er,
My sighs will let me add no more.

10

Go on, sweet stream, and henceforth rest
No more than does my troubled breast ;
And if my sad complaints have made thee stay,
These tears, these tears shall mend thy way.

15

* Born 1636; dyed 1713.

CONSTANCY.

BY SIR CHARLES SEDLEY, BART.*

FEAR not, my dear ; a flame can never die
That is once kindled by so bright an eye :
View but thyself, and measure thence my love ;
Think what a passion such a form must move :
For, tho' thy beauty first allur'd my sight, 5
Now I consider it but as the light
That lead me to the treas'ry of thy mind,
Whose inward virtue in that feature shin'd.
That knot, be confident, will ever last,
Which fancy ty'd, and reason has made fast : 10
So fast, that time, altho' it may disarm
Thy lovely face, my faith can never harm ;
And age deluded, when it comes, will find
My love remov'd, and to thy soul assign'd.

* Born 1639; dyed 1701.



A S O N G.

BY THE SAME.

H EARS not my Phillis how the birds
 Their feather'd mates salute ?
 They tell their passion in their words ;
 Must I alone be mute ?
 Phillis, without frown or smile, 5
 Sat and knotted all the while.

The god of love in thy bright eyes
 Does like a tyrant reign :
 But in thy heart a child he lyes,
 Without his dart or flame. 10
 Phillis, without, &c.

So many months in silence past,
 And yet in raging love,
 Might well deserve one word at last
 My passion shou'd approve. 15
 Phillis, without, &c.

Must then your faithful swain expire,
 And not one look obtain,
 Which he, to sooth his fond desire,
 Might pleasingly explain ? 20
 Phillis, without, &c.



INCONSTANCY EXCUSED.

S O N G.

BY JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF
BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.*

I MUST confess I am untrue
To Gloriana's eyes ;
But he that's smil'd upon by you,
Must all the world despise.

In winter, fires of little worth 5
Excite our dull desire ;
But when the sun breaks kindly forth,
Those fainter flames expire.

Then blame me not for slighting now
What I did once adore ; 10
O, do but this one change allow,
And I can change no more :

Fixt by your never-failing charms,
'Till I with age decay,
Till languishing within your arms, 15
I figh my soul away.

* Born 1646; dyed 1721.

ON LUCINDA'S DEATH.

BY THE SAME.

COME all ye doleful, dismal cares,
 That ever haunted guilty mind !
 The pangs of love when it despairs,
 And all those stings the jealous find :
 Alas ! heart-breaking tho' ye be, 5
 Yet welcome, welcome all to me !

Who now have lost-----but oh ! how much ?
 No language, nothing can express,
 Except my grief ; for she was such,
 That praises would but make her less. 10
 Yet who can ever dare to raise
 His voice on her, unless to praise ?

Free from her sex's smallest faults,
 And fair as womankind can be ;
 Tender and warm as lover's thoughts, 15
 Yet cold to all the world but me.
 Of all this nothing now remains,
 But only sighs and endless pains.



S O N G.

BY JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER.*

INSULTING beauty, you mispend
Those frowns upon your slave ;
Your scorn against such rebels bend
Who dare with confidence pretend
That other eyes their hearts defend 5
From all the charms you have.

Your conq'ring eyes so partial are,
Or mankind is so dull,
That, while I languish in despair,
Many proud senseless hearts declare 10
They find you not so killing fair
To wish you merciful.

They an inglorious freedom boast ;
I triumph in my chain ;
Nor am I unreveng'd, though lost ; 15
Nor you unpunish'd, though unjust ;
When I alone, who love you most,
Am kill'd with your disdain.

* Born 1648 ; dyed 1680.

THE SIXTEENTH ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF HORACE.

BY THOMAS OTWAY.*

IN storms when clouds the moon do hide,
And no kind stars the pilot guide,
Shew me at sea the boldest there
Who does not wish for quiet here.
For quiet (friend) the soldier fights, 5
Bears weary marches, sleepless nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of gold.
Since wealth and power too weak we find
To quell the tumults of the mind, 10
Or from the monarch's roofs of state
Drive thence the cares that round him wait,
Happy the man with little blest,
Of what his father left possess'd;
No base desires corrupt his head, 15
No fears disturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which soon must end,
Can all our vain designs intend?
From shore to shore why should we run,
When none his tiresome self can shun? 20

* Born 1651; dyed 1682.

For baneful care will still prevail,
And overtake us under fail :
'Twill dodge the great man's train behind,
Out-run the roe, out-fly the wind.
If then thy soul rejoice to-day, 25
Drive far to-morrow's cares away :
In laughter let them all be drown'd :
No perfect good is to be found.
One mortal feels fate's sudden blow,
Another's ling'ring death comes flow ; 30
And what of life they take from thee,
The gods may give to punish me.
Thy portion is a wealthy flock,
A fertile glebe, a fruitful flock,
Horses and chariots for thy ease, 35
Rich robes to deck and make thee please :
For me, a little cell I chuse,
Fit for my mind, fit for my muse,
Which soft content does best adorn,
Shunning the knaves and fools I scorn. 40



THE RETIREMENT.

BY JOHN NORRIS.*

I.

WELL, I have thought on't, and I find
This busie world is nonsense all;
I here despair to please my mind,
Her sweetest honey is so mixt with gall.
Come then, I'll try how 'tis to be alone, 5
Live to myself a while, and be my own.

II.

I've try'd, and blest the happy change;
So happy, I could almost vow
Never from this retreat to range,
For sure I ne'er can be so blest as now: 10
From all th' allays of bliss I here am free,
I pity others, and none envy me.

III.

Here in this shady lonely grove,
I sweetly think my hours away,
Neither with business vex'd nor love, 15
Which in the world bear such tyrannic sway.

* Born 1657; dyed 1711.

No tumults can my close apartment find,
 Calm as those seats above, which know no storm
 nor wind.

IV.

Let plots and news embroil the state,
 Pray what's that to my books and me? 20
 Whatever be the kingdom's fate,
 Here I am sure t' enjoy a monarchy.
 Lord of myself, accountable to none,
 Like the first man in paradise, alone.

V.

While the ambitious vainly sue, 25
 And of the partial stars complain,
 I stand upon the shore, and view
 The mighty labours of the distant main:
 I'm flush'd with silent joy, and smile to see
 The shafts of fortune still drop short of me. 30

VI.

Th' uneasy pageantry of state,
 And all the plagues to thought and sense,
 Are far remov'd; I'm plac'd by fate
 Out of the road of all impertinence.
 Thus, tho my fleeting life runs swiftly on, 35
 'Twill not be short, because 'tis all my own.



S O N G.

BY CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET *

DORINDA's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies ;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the fight ;

Love is a calmer, gentler joy, 5
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace ;
Her Cupid is a black-guard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

* Born 1657; dyed 1706.



WRITTEN AT ALTHROP, IN A BLANK LEAF
OF WALLER'S POEMS, UPON SEEING
VANDYKE'S PICTURE OF THE
OLD LADY SUNDERLAND.

BY CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL
OF HALIFAX.*

VANDYKE had colours, softness, fire, and art,
When the fair Sunderland inflam'd his heart.
Waller had numbers, fancy, wit, and fire,
And Sacharissa was his fond desire.
Why then at Althrop seems her charms to faint, 5
In these sweet numbers, and that glowing paint?
This happy feat a fairer mistress warms;
This shining offspring has eclips'd her charms:
The different beauties in one face we find;
Soft Amoret with 'bright' Sacharissa join'd. 10
As high as Nature reach'd, their art could soar;
But she ne'er made a finish'd piece before.

* *Born 1661; dyed 1713.*

V. 10. brightest.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE III. IMITATED.

BY FRANCIS ATTERBURY, BISHOP
OF ROCHESTER.*

TO HIS MUSE, BY WHOSE FAVOUR HE
ACQUIRES IMMORTAL FAME.

HE, on whose birth the lyric queen
Of numbers smil'd, shall never grace
The Isthmian gauntlet, nor be seen
First in the fam'd Olympic race :
He shall not, after toils of war, 5
And taming haughty monarchs pride,
With laurell'd brows, conspicuous far,
To Jove's Tarpeian temple ride.
But him the streams that warbling flow
Rich Tyber's flowery meads along, 10
And shady groves (his haunts) shall know
The master of th' Æolian song.
The sons of Rome, majestic Rome !
Have fix'd me in the poets choir,
And, envy now, or dead or dumb, 15
Forbear to blame what they admire.

* Born 1662; dyed (in exile) 1731.

Goddess of the sweet-sounding lute,
 Which thy harmonious touch obeys,
 Who canst the finny race, tho' mute,
 To cygnets dying accents raise; 20
 Thy gift it is, that all with ease
 My new unrival'd honours own;
 That I still live, and living please,
 O goddess, is thy gift alone.



EPIGRAM,

WRITTEN ON A WHITE FAN BORROWED
 FROM MISS OSBORNE, AFTER-
 WARDS HIS WIFE.

BY THE SAME.

FLAVIA the least and lightest toy
 Can, with resistless art, employ:
 This Fan, in meaner hands, would prove
 An engine of small force in love;
 Yet she, with graceful air and mien, 5
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's bow:
 Gives coolness to the matchless dame,
 To every other breast a flame. 10

A REPLY TO A COPY OF VERSES MADE IN
IMITATION OF BOOK III. ODE II.
OF HORACE.

Angustiam, amice, pauperiem pati, &c.

AND SENT BY MR. TITLEY
TO 'THE AUTHOR.'

BY RICHARD BENTLEY, LL. D.*

Who strives to mount Parnassus' hill,
And thence poetick laurels bring,
Must first acquire due force, and skill,
Must fly with swan's, or eagle's wing.

Who nature's treasures wou'd explore, 5
Her mysteries and arcana know,
Must high, as lofty Newton, soar,
Must stoop, as delving Woodward, low.

Who studies ancient laws and rites,
Tongues, arts, and arms and history, 10
Must drudge like Selden days and nights,
And in the endless labour die.

* Born 1662; dyed 1742.

Who travels in religious jars,
Truth mixt with error, shade with rays,
Like Whiston wanting pyx or stars, 15
In ocean wide or sinks or strays.

But grant our heroe's hope long toil
And comprehensive genius crown,
All sciences, all arts his spoil,
Yet what reward, or what renown? 20

Envy, innate in vulgar souls,
Envy steps in and stops his rise;
Envy, with poison'd tarnish, fouls
His lustre, and his worth decries.

He lives inglorious, or in want, 25
To college and old books confin'd;
Instead of learn'd he's call'd pedant,
Dunces advanc'd he's left behind:
Yet left content, a genuine stoic he,
Great without patron, rich without South-sea. 30



TO THE EVENING STAR.

ENGLISH'D FROM A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

BY GEORGE STEPNEY, ESQ.*

BRIGHT star! by Venus fix'd above,
To rule the happy realms o' love;
Who in the dewy rear of day,
Advancing thy distinguish'd ray,
Dost other lights as far outshine 5
As Cynthia's silver glories thine;
Known by superior beauties there,
As much as Pastorella here.

Exert, bright star, thy friendly light,
And guide me through the dusky night;
Defrauded of her beams, the moon 11
Shines dim, and will be vanish'd soon.
I wou'd not rob the shepherd's fold;
I seek no miser's hoarded gold;
To find a nymph, I'm forc'd to stray,
Who lately stole my heart away. 16

* Born 1663; dyed 1707.



EPIGRAM.

LOVE AND JEALOUSY.

BY WILLIAM WALSH, ESQ.*

How much are they deceiv'd who vainly strive,
By jealous fears, to keep our flames alive !
Love's like a torch, which, if secur'd from blasts,
Will faintlier burn, but then it longer lasts.
Expos'd to storms of jealousy and doubt, 5
The blaze grows greater, but 'tis sooner out.



SONG.

BY THE SAME.

I.

Tho' Celia's born to be ador'd,
And Strephon to adore her born,
In vain her pity is implor'd,
Who kills him twice, with charms and scorn.

* Born 1663; dyed 1708.

II.

Fair saint, to your blest orb repair, 5
To learn in heav'n a heavenly mind ;
Thence hearken to a sinner's pray'r,
And be less beauteous, or more kind.



MULLY or MOUNTOWN.

BY WILLIAM KING, LL. D.*

I.

MOUNTOWN! thou sweet retreat from Dublin
cares,

Be famous for thy apples and thy pears;

For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease;

For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.

May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly; 5

But condescend sometimes to make a pye.

May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,

And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce:

Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,

And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens: 10

May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,

And have no thought to grieve them till they die.

Mountown! the Muses most delicious theam;

Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!

Thy rasp- and strawberries in Bourdeaux drown,

To add a redder tincture to their own! 16

Thy white-wine, sugar, milk, together club,

To make that gentle viand syllabub.

* Born 1663; dyed 1712.

Thy tarts to tarts, cheefe-cakes to cheefe-cakes join,
 To spoil the relish of the flowing wine. 20
 But to the fading palate bring relief,
 By thy Westphalian-ham, or Belgick-beef;
 And, to complete thy blessings in a word,
 May still thy foil be generous as its lord!

II.

Oh! Peggy, Peggy, when thou go'st to brew,
 Consider well what you're about to do; 26
 Be very wise, very sedately think
 That what you're going now to make is drink:
 Consider who must drink that drink, and then,
 What 'tis to have the praise of honest men: 30
 For surely, Peggy, while that drink does last,
 'Tis Peggy will be toasted or disgrac'd.
 Then, if thy ale in glass thou would'st confine,
 To make its sparkling rays in beauty shine,
 Let thy clean bottle be entirely dry,
 Lest a white substance to the surface fly,
 And, floating there, disturb the curious eye. }
 But this great maxim must be understood,
 Be sure, nay, very sure, thy cork is good!
 Then future ages shall of Peggy tell, 40
 That nymph that brew'd and bottled ale so well.

III.

How fleet is air! how many things have breath
 Which in a moment they resign to death;
 Depriv'd of light, and all their happiest state,
 Not by their fault but some o'er-ruling fate. 45

Altho' fair flowers, that justly might invite,
 Are crop'd, nay, torn away, for man's delight;
 Yet still those flowers, alas! can make no moan,
 Nor has Narcissus now a power to groan.
 But all those things which breath in different frame,
 By tie of common breath, man's pity claim. 51
 A gentle lamb has rhetorick to plead,
 And, when she sees the butcher's knife decreed, }
 Her voice intreats him not to make her bleed. }
 But cruel gain, and luxury of taste, 55
 With pride, still lays man's fellow-mortals waste:
 What earth and waters breed, or air inspires,
 Man for his palate fits by torturing fires.

Mully, a cow, sprung from a beauteous race,
 With spreading front, did Mountown's pastures
 grace. 60
 Gentle she was, and, with a gentle stream,
 Each morn and night gave milk that equal'd cream.
 Offending none, of none she stood in dread,
 Much less of persons which she daily fed:
 But innocence cannot itself defend 65
 'Gainst treacherous arts, veil'd with the name of
 friend.

Robin of Darby-shire, whose temper shocks
 The constitution of his native rocks;
 Born in a * place, which, if it once be nam'd,
 Wou'd make a blushing modesty ashamed: 70

* The Devil's Arse of Peak.

He with indulgence kindly did appear
 To make poor Mully his peculiar care,
 But inwardly this fullen churlish thief
 Had all his mind plac'd upon Mully's beef;
 His fancy fed on her, and thus he'd cry, 75
 Mully, as sure as I'm alive, you die:
 'Tis a brave cow; O, Sirs, when Christmas
 comes,
 These shins shall make the porridge grac'd with
 plums;
 Then, midst our cups, whilst we profusely dine,
 This blade shall enter deep in Mully's chine;
 What ribs, what rumps, what bak'd, boil'd,
 stew'd, and roast!
 There shan't one single tripe of her be lost!

When Peggy, nymph of Mountown, heard these
 sounds,
 She griev'd to hear of Mully's future wounds.
 What crime, says she, has gentle Mully done?
 Witness the rising and the setting sun, 86
 That knows what milk she constantly would give!
 Let that quench Robin's rage, and Mully live.

Daniel, a sprightly swain, that us'd to dash
 The vigorous steeds that drew his lord's calash,
 To Peggy's side inclin'd, for 'twas well known
 How well he lov'd those cattel of his own.

Then Terence spoke, oraculous and sly,
 He'd neither grant the question nor deny;
 Pleading for milk, his thoughts were on mince-
 pye: }

But all his arguments so dubious were,
 That Mully thence had neither hope nor fear.

You've spoke, says Robin; but now let me tell ye,
 'Tis not fair-spoken words that fill the belly;
 Pudding and beef I love, and cannot stoop
 To recommend your bonnyclapper soop. 101
 You say she's innocent; but what of that?
 'Tis more than crime sufficient that she's fat:
 And that which is prevailing in this case
 Is, there's another cow to fill her place. 105
 And granting Mully to have milk in store,
 Yet still this other cow will give us more.
 She dies.—Stop here, my muse; forbear the rest;
 And veil that grief which cannot be express'd.



HENRY AND EMMA,

A P O E M,

UPON THE MODEL OF
THE NUT-BROWN MAID.*

BY MATTHEW PRIOR, ESQ.†

TO CLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend; at whose command
(Tho' low my voice, tho' artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing, and play;
Careless of what the cens'ring world may say:
Bright Cloe, object of my constant vow, 5
Wilt thou a while unbend thy serious brow?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heav'nly smile o'erpay his pains?
No longer shall *the Nut-brown Maid* be old;
Tho' since her youth three hundred years have
roll'd.
At thy desire, she shall again be rais'd; 11
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be prais'd.

* See the "POEMS BY UNCERTAIN AUTHORS."

+ *Born 1664; dyed 1721.*

No longer man of woman shall complain,
 That he may love and not be lov'd again :
 That we in vain the fickle sex pursue, 15
 Who change the constant lover for the new.
 Whatever has been writ, whatever said,
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd :
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand. 20
 And, while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame ;
 O fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse :
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse :
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse, 25
 And grant me love, the just reward of verse.

As beauty's potent queen, with ev'ry grace,
 That once was Emma's, has adorn'd thy face ;
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame, which faithful Henry felt ; 30
 O let the story with thy life agree :
 Let men once more the bright example see ;
 What Emma was to him, be thou to me. }
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove. 35
 But oh ! with pity long-intreated crown
 My pains and hopes ; and, when thou say'st that one }
 Of all mankind thou lov'st, oh ! think on me alone. }

W H E R E beauteous Isis and her husband Tame
 With mingl'd waves, for ever flow, the same, 40

In times of yore an ancient baron liv'd;
Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect receiv'd.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
Led his free Britons to the Gallic war;
This lord had headed his appointed bands, 45
In firm allegiance to the king's commands;
And (all due honors faithfully discharg'd)
Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarg'd
With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil. 50

From the loud camp retir'd and noisy court,
In honorable ease and rural sport,
The remnant of his days he safely past;
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast.
He made his wish with his estate comply, 55
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir.
They call'd her Emma; for the beauteous dame,
Who gave the virgin birth, had born the name:
The name th' indulgent father doubly lov'd; 61
For in the child the mother's charms improv'd.
Yet, as when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his *Nut-brown Maid*:
The friends and tenants took the fondling word
(As still they please, who imitate their lord); 66
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun;
The mutual terms around the lands were known; }
And Emma and *the Nut-brown Maid* were one. }

As with her stature, still her charms encreas'd;
 Thro' all the isle her beauty was confess'd. 71
 Oh! what perfections must that virgin share,
 Who fairest is esteem'd, where all are fair!
 From distant shires repair the noble youth,
 And find report, for once, had lessen'd truth. 75
 By wonder first, and then by passion mov'd,
 They came; they saw; they marvell'd; and they
 lov'd.

By public praises, and by secret sighs,
 Each own'd the gen'ral power of Emma's eyes.
 In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove, 80
 By glorious deeds to purchase Emma's love.
 In gentle verse, the witty told their flame,
 And grac'd their choicest songs with Emma's name.
 In vain they combated, in vain they writ:
 Useless their strength, and impotent their wit. 85
 Great Venus only must direct the dart,
 Which else will never reach the fair-one's heart,
 Spight of th' attempts of force, and soft effects of }
 art.
 Great Venus must prefer the happy one: }
 In Henry's cause her favour must be shown:
 And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone. }

While these in public to the castle came,
 And by their grandeur justify'd their flame;
 More secret ways the careful Henry takes;
 His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes: 95

In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts in huntsman's habit dress,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast.
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears : 100
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade, where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill, and shun the brake ;
And shows the path her steed may safest take ; 105
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound ;
Pleas'd, in his toils, to have her triumph crown'd ; }
And blows her praises with no common sound.

A falc'ner Henry is, when Emma hawks :
With her of tarsels, and of lures he talks. 110
Upon his wrist the tow'ring merlin stands,
Practis'd to rise, and stoop, at her commands.
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down ;
With humble reverence he accosts the fair. 115
And with the honor'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still, as from the sportive field he goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is exprest,
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast. 120

A shepherd now along the plain he roves ;
And, with his jolly pipe, delights the groves.
The neighb'ring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song :

While, with soft sorrow, he renews his lays, 125
 Nor heedful of their envy, nor their praise.
 But, soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
 His notes he raises to a nobler strain;
 With dutiful respect, and studious fear,
 Lest any careless sound offend her ear. 130

A frantick gipsy, now the house he haunts,
 And in wild phrases, speaks dissembled wants.
 With the fond maids in palmistry he deals:
 They tell the secret first, which he reveals:
 Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguil'd;
 What groom shall get, and squire maintain the child.
 But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
 A softer look unbends his op'ning brow;
 With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
 And in soft accents forms the kind reply; 140
 That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
 And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserv'd for her.

Now oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes;
 Oft had found means alone to see the dame, 145
 And at her feet to breath his am'rous flame;
 And oft, the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love:
 Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view) 150
 Made him perceive, that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear;

That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smil'd, by kind occasion blest'd,
And, with the secret kept, the love increas'd ;
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves ;
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves : 'tis true ; and is belov'd again :
Great are his joys : but will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame ; 161
But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
Beautiful looks are rul'd by fickle minds ;
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds.
Another love may gain her easy youth : 165
Time changes thought ; and flatt'ry conquers truth.

O impotent estate of human life !
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire ;
And most we question, what we most desire. 170
Amongst thy various gifts, great heav'n, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in ; nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief : for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste ; 175
Or deems it not sincere ; or fears it cannot last.

With wishes rais'd, with jealousies oppress'd,
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast)
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman, and the force of love. 180

If scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
 That beauteous frame inclose a steady mind,
 He'll fix his hope, of future joy secure ;
 And live a slave to Hymen's happy pow'r.
 But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ;
 If, pois'd aright in reason's equal scale,
 Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail ;
 His mind he vows to free from am'rous care,
 The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
 Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade, 191
 A spreading ' beech' extends her friendly shade :
 Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
 Here oft her silence had her heart declar'd.
 As active spring awak'd her infant buds, 195
 And genial life inform'd the verdant woods ;
 Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
 Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
 Upon the tree : and, as the tender mark
 Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
 Venus had heard the virgin's soft address, 201
 That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
 As potent nature shed her kindly show'rs,
 And deck'd the various mead with op'ning flowers ;
 Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care 205
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair ;
 Which as with gay delight the lover found,
 Pleas'd with his conquest, with her present crown'd,

Glorious thro' all the plains he oft had gone,
 And to each swain the mystic honour shown;
 The gift still prais'd, the giver still unknown. }

His secret note the troubled Henry writes;
 To the known tree the lovely maid invites:
 Imperfect words and dubious terms express,
 That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace;
 That he must something to her ear commend, 216
 On which her conduct, and his life depend.

Soon as the fair-one had the note receiv'd,
 The remnant of the day alone she griev'd:
 For diff'rent this from every former note, 220
 Which Venus dictated, and Henry wrote;
 Which told her all his future hopes were laid
 On the dear bosom of *his Nut-brown Maid*;
 Which always blest'd her eyes, and own'd her
 pow'r;

And bid her oft adieu, yet added more. 225
 Now night advanc'd. The house in sleep were laid:
 The nurse experienc'd, and the prying maid;
 At last that sprite, which does incessant haunt
 The lovers steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
 To her dear Henry Emma wings her way, 230
 With quicken'd pace repairing forc'd delay;
 For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
 To stir abroad 'till watchfulness be laid,
 Undaunted then, o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
 And leads his vot'ries safe thro' pathless ways.

Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find 236
Where Cupid goes; tho' he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask, if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear, and with desire, with joy and pain,
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain. 241
But oh! his steps proclaim no lover's haste;
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembl'd sighs;
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes. 245

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move
In the afflicted fair; adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break;
Attentive stood the mournful nymph: the man
Broke silence first: the tale alternate ran: 251

HENRY.

Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love? 255
Hast thou now dreaded, and now blest his sway,
By turns averse, and joyful to obey?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd?
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heav'nly poison thrilling thro' thy heart? }

If so, with pity view my wretched state;
 At least deplore, and then forget my fate:
 To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
 By fortune favour'd, and successful arms: 266
 And only, as the sun's revolving ray
 Brings back each year this melancholy day,
 Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear,
 To an abandon'd exile's endless care. 270
 For me, alas! out-cast of human race,
 Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace;
 For lo! these hands in murder are imbru'd;
 These trembling feet by justice are pursu'd:
 Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away; 275
 A shameful death attends my longer stay;
 And I this night must fly from thee and love,
 Condemn'd in lonely woods, a banish'd man to rove.

E M M A.

What is our bliss, that changeth with the moon;
 And day of life, that darkens e'er 'tis noon? 280
 What is true passion, if unblest it dies?
 And where is Emma's joy, if Henry flies?
 If love, alas! be pain; the pain I bear
 No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
 Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
 The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd:
 The god of love himself inhabits there,
 With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care, }
 His complement of stores, and total war.

O! cease then coldly to suspect my love; 290
 And let my deed, at least, my faith approve.
 Alas! no youth shall my endearments share;
 Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care;
 No future story shall with truth upbraid
 The cold indiff'rence of *the Nut-brown Maid*:
 Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run; 296
 While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
 View me resolv'd, where-e'er thou lead'st, to go,
 Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe:
 For I attest fair Venus, and her son, 300
 That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Let prudence yet obstruct thy vent'rous way;
 And take good heed, what men will think and say:
 That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took;
 Her father's house and civil life forlook; 305
 That, full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
 She to the wood-land with an exile ran.
 Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd;
 And virgin honor once, is always stain'd:
 Timely advis'd, the coming evil shun: 310
 Better not do the deed, than weep it done.
 No penance can absolve our guilty fame;
 Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.
 Then fly the sad effects of desp'rate love;
 And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to
 rove.

EMMA.

Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
 By the rash young, or the ill-natur'd old :
 Let ev'ry tongue its various censures chuse ;
 Absolve with coldness, or with spight accuse :
 Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise ;
 And malice vanquish'd heightens virtue's praise.
 Let then thy favour but indulge my flight ;
 O ! let my presence make thy travels light ;
 And potent Venus shall exalt my name
 Above the rumours of censorious Fame ; 325
 Nor from that busie demon's restless pow'r
 Will ever Emma other grace implore,
 Than that this truth should to the world be known,
 That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee alone.

HENRY.

But canst thou wield the sword, and bend the bow ?
 With active force repel the sturdy foe ? 331
 When the loud tumult speaks the battel nigh,
 And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly ;
 Wilt thou, tho' wounded, yet undaunted stay,
 Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day ?
 Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
 Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale ;
 With fruitless sorrow, thou, inglorious maid,
 Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd :

Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharg'd, deny
 Thy little uselefs aid, and coward fly : 341
 Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
 A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

E M M A .

With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
 To send the arrow from the twanging yew : 345
 And, great in arms, and foremost in the war,
 Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
 Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
 Excite the female breast with martial flame ?
 And shall not loves diviner pow'r inspire 350
 More hardy virtue, and more generous fire ?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
 And fall, or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
 Though my inferior strength may not allow,
 That I should bear or draw the warrior bow ; 355
 With ready hand, I will the shaft supply,
 And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
 Touch'd in the battel by the hostile reed,
 Should'st thou (but Heav'n avert it!) should'st
 thou bleed ;
 To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear, 360
 Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my
 hair :
 Blest, when my dangers, and my toils, have shown,
 That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou sustain
 Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain? 365
 Those limbs, in lawn and softest silk array'd,
 From sun-beams guarded, and of winds afraid;
 Can they bear angry Jove? Can they resist
 The parching dog-star, and the bleak north-east?
 When, chill'd by adverse snows, and beating rain,
 We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
 When with hard toil we seek our ev'ning food,
 Berries and acorns from the neighb'ring wood;
 And find among the cliffs no other house,
 But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs; 375
 Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
 Around the dreary waste; and weeping try
 (Tho' then, alas! that trial be too late)
 To find thy father's hospitable gate,
 And seats, where Ease and Plenty brooding fate? }
 Those seats, whence long excluded thou must mourn;
 That gate, for ever barr'd to thy return:
 Wilt thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
 And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

Thy rise of fortune did I only wed, 385
 From it's decline determin'd to recede?
 Did I but purpose to embark with thee
 On the smooth surface of a summer's sea;

While gentle Zephyrs play in prosp'rous gales,
 And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails; 390
 But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
 When the winds whistle, and the tempests roar?
 No, Henry, no: one sacred oath has ty'd
 Our loves; one destiny our life shall guide;
 Nor wild, nor deep our common way divide. }

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
 To beat the woods, and rouse the bounding prey;
 The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
 And cheerful sit, to wait my lord's return:
 And, when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer
 (For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err), 401
 I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighb'ring wood,
 And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food;
 With humble duty, and officious haste,
 I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast: 405
 The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring;
 And draw thy water from the freshest spring:
 And, when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
 Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st, and wholesome rest;
 Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight pray'r
 Weary the gods to keep thee in their care; 411
 And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
 If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
 My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
 On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend:
 By all these sacred names be Henry known
 To Emma's heart: and grateful let him own,
 That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone. }

H E N R Y.

Vainly thou tell'st me, what the woman's care
 Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare : 420
 Thou, ere thou goest, unhappyest of thy kind,
 Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
 No longer shall thy comely tresses break
 In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck ;
 Or sit behind thy head, an ample round, 425
 In graceful 'braids' with various ribbon bound :
 No longer shall the boddice, aptly lac'd
 From thy full bosom to thy slender 'waist,'
 That air and harmony of shape express,
 Fine by degrees, and beautifully less : 430
 Nor shall thy lower garments artful pleat,
 From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
 Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
 And double ev'ry charm they seek to hide.
 Th' ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair, 435
 Cropt off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
 Shall stand uncouth : a horseman's coat shall hide
 Thy taper shape, and comeliness of side :
 The short trunk-hose shall shew thy foot and knee
 Licentious, and to common eye-sight free : 440
 And, with a bolder stride, and looser air,
 Mingl'd with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
 Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :

V. 426. breeds.

V. 428. waste.

'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there ;
 Or guardian gods made innocence their care. 446
 Vagrants and out-laws shall offend thy view ;
 For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew
 By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
 Train'd to assault, and disciplin'd to kill : 450
 Their common loves, a lewd abandon'd pack,
 The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back :
 By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
 Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
 With such must Emma hunt the tedious day, 455
 Assist their violence, and divide their prey :
 With such she must return at setting light,
 Tho' not partaker, witness of their night.
 Thy ear, inur'd to charitable sounds,
 And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
 Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry, 461
 The ill-bred question, and the lewd reply ;
 Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
 Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
 That latest weapon of the wretches war, 465
 And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
 What thou would'st follow, what thou must forfake :
 By our ill-omen'd stars, and adverse heav'n,
 No middle object to thy choice is given. 470
 Or yield thy virtue, to attain thy love ;
 Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
 rove.

E M M A.

O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
 Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates :
 Mix thee amongst the bad ; or make thee run
 Too near the paths which virtue bids thee shun.
 Yet with her Henry still let Emma go ;
 With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
 And sure my little heart can never err
 Amidst the worst ; if Henry still be there. 480

Our outward act is prompted from within ;
 And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
 By her own choice free Virtue is approv'd ;
 Nor by the force of outward objects mov'd.
 Who has assay'd no danger, gains no praise. 485
 In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
 Triumphant Constancy has fix'd her seat :
 In vain the syrens sing, the tempests beat :
 Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat. }

For thee alone these little charms I dress ; 490
 Condemn'd them, or absolv'd them by thy test.
 In comely figure rang'd, my jewels shone,
 Or negligently plac'd, for thee alone :
 For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
 The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride 495
 For thee : my cloaths, my sex, exchange'd for thee,
 I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
 O line extreme of human infamy ! }

Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
 (If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair. 500
 Black foot, or yellow walnut shall disgrace
 This little red and white of Emma's face.
 These nails with scratches shall deform my breast,
 Left by my look, or color be express'd
 The mark of 'aught' high-born, or ever better
 dress'd. }
 Yet in this commerce, under this disguise, 506
 Let me be grateful still in Henry's eyes ;
 Lost to the world, let me to him be known :
 My fate I can absolve ; if he shall own, }
 That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone. }

H E N R Y.

O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind ! 511
 Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
 Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
 Wild to the woods with me : said Emma so ?
 Or did I dream what Emma never said ? 515
 O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
 Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
 With him, who next should tempt her easie fame ; }
 And blow with empty words the susceptible flame. }
 Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
 Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex : 521
 No longer loose desire for constant love
 Mistake ; but say, 'tis man with whom thou long'st
 to rove.

V. 505. ought.

E M M A .

Are there not poisons, racks, and flames, and
swords ;

That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ? 525

Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame, }

But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ? }

More fatal Henry's words ; they murder Emma's
fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ; 530

Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,

Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,

Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid ; }

And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd, }

Still blam'd the coldness of *the Nut-brown Maid* ? }

Let envious jealousy and canker'd spight }

Produce my actions to severest light, }

And tax my open day, or secret night.

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart

The least inclin'd to play the wanton's part ? 540

Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal,

Which angels might not hear, and virgins tell ?

And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known }

One fault, but that which I must never own, }

That I, of all mankind, have lov'd but thee
alone.

HENRY.

Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone : 546
 Each man is man ; and all our sex is one.
 False are our words, and fickle is our mind :
 Nor in Loves ritual can we ever find
 Vows made to last, or promises to bind. }

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
 Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
 When, arm'd with rage, we march against the foe,
 We lift the battel-ax, and draw the bow :
 When, fir'd with passion, we attack the fair, 555
 Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear :
 Our falshood and our arms have equal use ;
 As they our conquest, or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gav'st, again receive,
 The only boon*departing love can give. 560
 To be less wretched, be no longer true ;
 What strives to fly thee, why should'st thou pursue ?
 Forget thy present flame, indulge a new. }
 Single the loveliest of the am'rous youth ;
 Ask for his vow ; but hope not for his truth. 565
 The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
 Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
 Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave. }
 Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right ;
 Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
 Change thou the first, nor wait thy lovers flight. }

Why should'st thou weep? let Nature judge our
case;

I saw thee young and fair; pursu'd the chase
Of youth and beauty: I another saw
Fairer and younger: yielding to the law 575
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursu'd
More youth, more beauty: blest vicissitude!
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame;
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger fairer pleads her rightful charms;
With present power compels me to her arms. 581
And much I fear, from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind),
That years may roll, ere in her turn the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd; 585
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide, to hope that thou may'st live with her.
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows:
Cupid averse rejects divided vows: 591
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow, and an ill-starr'd love;
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods }
to rove.

E M M A.

Are we in life through one great error led?
Is each man perjur'd, and each nymph betray'd?

Of the superior sex art thou the worst?
 Am I of mine the most compleatly curst?
 Yet let me go with thee; and going prove,
 From what I will endure, how much I love. 600

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
 This happy object of our diff'rent care,
 Her let me follow; her let me attend,
 A servant: (she may scorn the name of friend.)
 What she demands, incessant I'll prepare: 605
 I'll weave her garlands; and I'll pleat her hair:
 My busie diligence shall deck her board;
 (For there at least I may approach my lord);
 And, when her Henry's softer hours advise
 His servants absence, with dejected eyes
 Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise. }

Yet, when increasing grief brings slow disease;
 And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
 Will have its little lamp no longer fed;
 When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead;
 Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect: 616
 With virgin honours let my hearse be deckt,
 And decent emblem; and at least persuade
 This happy nymph, that Emma may be laid
 Where thou, dear author of my death, where she,
 With frequent eye my sepulchre may see. 621
 The nymph amidst her joys may haply breath
 One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
 And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
 Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love. 625

And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
 If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart;
 Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear,
 To her, whom love abandon'd to despair;
 To her, who, dying, on the wounded stone
 Bid it in lasting characters be known,
 That, of mankind, she lov'd but thee alone.

H E N R Y.

Hear, solemn Jove; and conscious Venus, hear;
 And thou, bright maid, believe me, whilst I swear;
 No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
 The well-plac'd basis of my lasting love. 636
 O powerful virtue! O victorious fair!
 At least excuse a trial too severe:
 Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
 Intreats thy pardon, and implores thy love: 641
 No perjur'd knight desires to quit thy arms,
 Fairest collection of thy sexes charms,
 Crown of my love, and honour of my youth:
 Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth, 645
 As thou may'st wish, shall all his life employ,
 And found his glory in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
 Illustrious earl: him terrible in war
 Let Loyre confess; for she has felt his sword, 650
 And trembling fled before the British lord.

Him great in peace and wealth fair Deva knows ;
 For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;
 Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands ;
 And sees his num'rous herd imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy
 thought
 To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought
 With solemn pomp to my paternal seat ;
 Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait.
 Music and song shall wake the marriage-day :
 And, whilst the priests accuse the bride's delay,
 Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way. }

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn ;
 And blooming peace shall ever bless thy morn.
 Succeeding years their happy race shall run ; 665
 And Age unheeded by delight come on ;
 While yet superior Love shall mock his pow'r ;
 And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,
 Which only can our well-ty'd knot unfold ;
 What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold. 670

Hence then for ever from my Emma's breast
 (That heav'n of softness, and that seat of rest)
 Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
 Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love,
 Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forests
 rove. }

E M M A.

O day the fairest sure that ever rose !
 Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
 Sire of her joy, and source of her delight ;
 O ! wing'd with pleasure take thy happy flight, }
 And give each future morn a tincture of thy white. }
 Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of love, 681
 Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
 Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
 And is there then no mistress in the wood ?
 None, none there is ; the thought was rash and
 vain ;

A false idea, and a fancy'd pain. 686
 Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
 And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
 No other inmate shall inhabit there,
 But soft Belief, young Joy, and pleasing Care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
 And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
 If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
 And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands ;
 Her present favor cautious I'll embrace, 695
 And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace ;
 If she reclaims the temporary boon,
 And tries her pinions, flutt'ring to be gone ;
 Secure of mind I'll obviate her intent,
 And unconcern'd return the goods she lent. 700

Nor happiness can I, nor misery feel,
 From any turn of her fantastic wheel :
 Friendship's great laws, and love's superior pow'rs,
 Must mark the colour of my future hours.
 From the events which thy commands create
 I must my blessings or my sorrows date ;
 And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate. }

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
 (Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
 I see thee, lord and end of my desire, 710
 Exalted high as virtue can require ;
 With power invested, and with pleasure chear'd ;
 Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd ;
 Loaded and blest with all the affluent store,
 Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
 Grateful and humble grant me to employ 716
 My life, subservient only to thy joy ;
 And at my death to bless thy kindness shown
 To her, who of mankind could love but thee alone.

W H I L E thus the constant pair alternate said,
 Joyful above them and around them play'd 721
 Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
 Smiling they clapt their wings, and low they bow'd :
 They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
 To chuse propitious shafts ; a precious store : 725
 That, when their god should take his future darts,
 To strike (however rarely) constant hearts,

His happy skill might proper arms imploy,
 All tipt with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy :
 And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
 These lovers constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopt her bridled doves ;
 Approv'd the little labour of the Loves ;
 Was proud and pleas'd the mutual vow to hear ;
 And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
 Soon as she calls, the god is always near. }

Now, Mars, she said, let Fame exalt her voice ;
 Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
 But when she sings great Edward from the field
 Return'd, the hostile spear and captive shield
 In Concord's temple hung, and Gallia taught to
 yield ; }

And when, as prudent Saturn shall compleat
 The years design'd to perfect Britain's state,
 The swift-wing'd pow'r shall take her trump again,
 To sing her fav'rite Anna's wond'rous reign ;
 To recollect unweary'd Marlbro's toils, 746
 Old Rufus' hall unequal to his spoils ;
 The British soldier from his high command
 Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish'd by his hand :
 Let her at least perform what I desire ; 750
 With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
 And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
 What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain.

And, when thy tumults and thy fights are past;
 And when thy laurels at my feet are cast; 755
 Faithful may'st thou, like British Henry, prove:
 And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

Renown'd for truth, let all thy fons appear;
 And constant Beauty shall reward their care.

Mars smil'd, and bow'd: the Cyprian deity
 Turn'd to the glorious ruler of the sky; 760
 And thou, she smiling said, great god of days
 And verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise;
 As on the British earth, my fav'rite isle,
 Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile, 765
 Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves,
 Proclaim with joy those memorable loves:
 From every annual course let one great day
 To celebrated sports and floral play
 Be set aside; and, in the softest lays 770
 Of thy poetic fons, be solemn praise,
 And everlasting marks of honour paid
 To *the true Lover*, and *the Nut-brown Maid*.



TO A YOUNG GENTLEMAN IN LOVE.

A TALE.

BY THE SAME.

F R O M public noise, and factious strife,
From all the busy ills of life,
Take me, my Celia, to thy breast;
And lull my wearied soul to rest.
For ever, in this humble cell, 5
Let thee and I, my fair one, dwell;
None enter else, but Love—and he
Shall bar the door, and keep the key.

To painted roofs, and shining spires,
(Uneasie seats of high desires) 10
Let the unthinking many croud,
That dare be covetous and proud:
In golden bondage let them wait,
And barter happiness for state.
But oh! my Celia, when thy swain 15
Desires to see a court again,
May heav'n around his destin'd head
The choicest of its curses shed!

To sum up all the rage of fate
 In the two things I dread and hate,
 May'st thou be false, and I be great! }

Thus, on his Celia's panting breast,
 Fond Celadon his soul exprest;
 While with delight the lovely maid
 Receiv'd the vows, she thus repaid: 25

Hope of my age, joy of my youth,
 Blest miracle of love and truth;
 All that could e'er be counted mine,
 My love and life, long since are thine:
 A real joy I never knew, 30
 Till I believ'd thy passion true:
 A real grief I ne'er can find,
 Till thou prov'st perjur'd, or unkind.
 Contempt, and poverty, and care,
 All we abhor, and all we fear, }
 Blest with thy presence, I can bear.
 Thro' waters and thro' flames I'll go,
 Suff'rer and solace of thy woe:
 Trace me some yet unheard-of way,
 That I thy ardour may repay; 40
 And make my constant passion known,
 By more than woman yet has done.

Had I a wish that did not bear
 The stamp and image of my dear;
 I'd pierce my heart through ev'ry vein,
 And die, to let it out again. 46

No: Venus shall my witness be,
 (If Venus ever lov'd like me)
 That for one hour I would not quit
 My shepherd's arms, and this retreat, 50
 To be the Persian monarch's bride,
 Partner of all his pow'r and pride;
 Or rule in regal state above,
 Mother of Gods, and wife of Jove.

O happy these of human race!

But soon, alas! our pleasures pass. 56
 He thank'd her on his bended knee;
 Then drank a quart of milk and tea;
 And, leaving her ador'd embrace,
 Hasten'd to court to beg a place. 60
 While she, his absence to bemoan,
 The very moment he was gone,
 Call'd Thyrsis from beneath the bed!
 Where all this time he had been hid.

M O R A L .

W H I L E men have these ambitious fancies;
 And wanton wenches read romances;
 Our sex will---What? Out with it. Lie;
 And their's in equal strains reply.
 The moral of the tale I sing
 (A posy for a wedding-ring) 70
 In this short verse will be confin'd:
 Love is a jest; and vows are wind.

THE GARLAND.

BY THE SAME.

I.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
 The violet sweet, and lilly fair,
 The dappl'd pink, and blushing rose,
 To deck my charming Cloe's hair.

II.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf't to place 5
 Upon her brow the various wreath;
 The flow'rs less blooming than her face,
 The scent less fragrant than her breath.

III.

The flow'rs she wore along the day:
 And ev'ry nymph and shepherd said, 10
 That in her hair they lookt more gay
 Than glowing in their native bed.

IV.

Undrest at evening, when she found
 Their odours lost, their colours past;
 She chang'd her look, and on the ground
 Her garland and her eye she cast. 16

V.

That eye dropt sense distinct and clear,
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

VI.

Dissembling what I knew too well, 21
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour : pr'ythee tell :
That falling tear—what does it mean ?

VII.

She sigh'd ; she smil'd : and to the flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist said ; 26
See ! friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made !

VIII.

Ah me ! the blooming pride of May,
And that of beauty, are but one : 30
At morn both flourish bright and gay ;
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

IX.

At dawn poor Stella danc'd and sung ;
The am'rous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ; 35
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

X.

Such as she is, who dy'd to-day ;
 Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
 Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
 The justice of thy Cloe's sorrow.

40



A LOVER'S ANGER.

BY THE SAME.

As Cloe came into the room t'other day,
 I peevish began ; Where so long could you stay ?
 In your life-time you never regarded your hour :
 You promis'd at two ; and (pray look, child) 'tis
 four.

A lady's watch needs neither figures nor wheels ; 5
 'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with baubles and seals.
 A temper so heedless no mortal can bear—
 Thus far I went on with a resolute air.

Lord bless me ! said she ; let a body but speak :
 Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n into my neck :
 It has hurt me, and vex't me to such a degree—
 See here ! for you never believe me ; pray see,

On the left side my breast, what a mark it had made!
 So saying, her bosom she careless display'd.
 That seat of delight I with wonder survey'd;
 And forgot ev'ry word I design'd to have said.



MERRY ANDREW.

BY THE SAME.

S L Y Merry Andrew, the last Southwark-fair
 (At Barthol'mew he did not much appear,
 So peevish was the edict of the may'r);
 At Southwark therefore, as his tricks he show'd,
 To please our masters, and his friends the croud;
 A huge neats-tongue he in his right-hand held, 6
 His left was with a good black-pudding fill'd.
 With a grave look, in this odd equipage,
 The clownish mimic traverses the stage.
 Why how now, Andrew! cries his brother droll;
 To-days conceit, methinks, is something dull:
 Come on, fir, to our worthy friends explain,
 What does your emblematic worship mean?
 Quoth Andrew, honest English let us speak:
 Your emble- (what d'ye call 't) is heathen Greek.

To tongue or pudding thou hast no pretence :
Learning thy talent is ; but mine is sense.
That busie fool I was, which thou art now ;
Desirous to correct, not knowing how ;
With very good design, but little wit, 20
Blaming or praising things, as I thought fit.
I for this conduct had what I deserv'd ;
And, dealing honestly, was almost starv'd.
But, thanks to my indulgent stars, I eat ;
Since I have found the secret to be great. 25
O, dearest Andrew, says the humble droll,
Henceforth may I obey, and thou controll ;
Provided thou impart thy useful skill.
Bow then, says Andrew ; and, for once, I will.—
Be of your patrons mind, whate'er he says ; 30
Sleep very much ; think little ; and talk less :
Mind neither good nor bad, nor right nor wrong ;
But eat your pudding, slave ; and hold your tongue.

A reverend prelate stopt his coach and fix,
To laugh a little at our Andrew's tricks : 35
But, when he heard him give this golden rule,
Drive on (he cry'd) ; this fellow is no fool.



A REASONABLE AFFLICTION.

BY THE SAME.

O N his death-bed poor Lubin lies :
His spouse is in despair :
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.

A diff'rent cause, says parson Sly, 5
The same effect may give :
Poor Lubin fears, that he shall die ;
His wife, that he may live.



OCCASIONED BY VERSES SENT TO THE
AUTHOR IN HIS RETIREMENT, BY
MRS. ELIZABETH HIGGONS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1690.

BY GEO. GRANVILLE, LORD LANSDOWNE.*

CEASE, tempting Siren, cease thy flatt'ring strain,
Sweet is thy charming song, but sung in vain :
When the winds blow, and loud the tempests roar,
What fool would trust the waves, and quit the shore ?
Early, and vain, into the world I came, 5
Big with false hopes, and eager after fame ;
Till looking round me, ere the race began,
Madmen, and giddy fools were all that ran :
Reclaim'd betimes, I from the lists retire,
And thank the gods ' who' my retreat inspire. 10
In happier times our ancestors were bred,
When virtue was the only path to tread :
Give me, ye gods ! but the same road to fame,
Whate'er my fathers dar'd, I dare the fame.
Chang'd is the scene, some baneful planet rules
An impious world, contriv'd for knaves and fools.

* *Born 1667; dyed 1735.*

Look now around, and with impartial eyes
Consider, and examine all who rise;
Weigh well their actions, and their treach'rous ends,
How greatness grows, and by what steps ascends;
What murders, treasons, perjuries, deceit; 21
How many crush'd, to make one monster great.
Would you command? Have Fortune in your pow'r?
Hug when you stab, and smile when you devour?
Be bloody, false, flatter, forswear, and lye, 25
Turn pander, pathick, parasite, or spy;
Such thriving arts may your wish'd purpose bring,
A minister at least, perhaps a king.

Fortune we most unjustly partial call,
A mistress free, who bids alike to all; 30
But on such terms as only suit the base,
Honour denies and shuns the foul embrace.
The honest man, who starves and is undone,
Not Fortune, but his virtue keeps him down.
Had Cato bent beneath the conqu'ring cause, 35
He might have liv'd to give new senates laws;
But on vile terms disdaining to be great,
He perish'd by his choice, and not his fate.
Honours and life, th' usurper bids, and all
That vain mistaken men Good-fortune call, 40
Virtue forbids, and sets before his eyes
An honest death, which he accepts, and dies;
O glorious resolution! noble pride!
More nonour'd, than the tyrant liv'd, he dy'd;

More lov'd, more prais'd, more envy'd in his doom,
 Than Cæsar trampling on the rights of Rome. 46
 The virtuous nothing fear, but life with shame,
 And death's a pleasant road that leads to fame.

On bones, and scraps of dogs let me be fed,
 My limbs uncover'd, and expos'd my head }
 To bleakest colds, a kennel be my bed.
 This, and all other martyrdom for thee,
 Seems glorious, all, thrice beauteous Honesty!
 Judge me, ye pow'rs! Let Fortune tempt or frown,
 I stand prepar'd, my honour is my own. 55

Ye great disturbers, who in endless noise,
 In blood and rapine seek unnatural joys;
 For what is all this bustle but to shun
 Those thoughts with which you dare not be alone?
 As men in misery, oppress'd with care, 60
 Seek in the rage of wine to drown despair.
 Let others fight, and eat their bread in blood,
 Regardless if the cause be bad or good;
 Or cringe in courts, depending on the nods
 Of strutting pygmies who would pass for gods.
 For me, unpractis'd in the courtiers school, 66
 Who loath a knave, and tremble at a fool;
 Who honour gen'rous Wycherly oppress'd,
 Possess'd of little, worthy of the best,
 Rich in himself, in virtue that outshines 70
 All but the fame of his immortal lines;

More than the wealthiest lord, who helps to drain
 The famish'd land, and rous in impious gain;
 What can I hope in courts? Or how succeed?
 Tygers and wolves shall in the ocean breed,
 The whale and dolphin fatten on the meed,
 And every element exchange its kind,
 Ere thriving honesty in courts we find.

}

Happy the man, of mortals happiest he,
 Whose quiet mind from vain desires is free; 80
 Whom neither hopes deceive, nor fears torment,
 But lives at peace, within himself content;
 In thought or act, accountable to none,
 But to himself, and to the gods alone:
 O sweetness of content! Seraphick joy! 85
 Which nothing wants, and nothing can destroy.

Where dwells this peace, this freedom of the
 mind?

Where, but in shades remote from human kind;
 In flow'ry vales, where nymphs and shepherds
 meet,

But never comes within the palace gate. 90
 Farewell then cities, courts, and camps, farewell,
 Welcome, ye groves, here let me ever dwell,
 From cares, from business, and mankind remove,
 All but the Muses, and inspiring Love:
 How sweet the morn! how gentle is the night!
 How calm the ev'ning! and the day how bright!

From hence, as from a hill, I view below
The crowded world, a mighty wood in show,
Where several wand'ers travel day and night
By different paths, and none are in the right.



BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

IMITATED, FROM THE EIGHTH BOOK
OF OVID.

WRITTEN, 1706.

BY JONATHAN SWIFT, D. D.
DEAN OF ST. PATRICK'S, DUBLIN.*

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The faints would often leave their cells,
And strole about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd on a winter-night, 5
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, faints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits went
To a small village down in Kent; 10
Where, in the strolers canting strain,
They beg'd from door to door in vain,

* *Born 1667; dyed 1745.*

Try'd every tone might pity win;
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring faints, in woful state, 15
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Call'd in the neighbourhood Philemon. 20
Who kindly did these faints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night:
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
While he from out the chimney took 25
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fry'd:
Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, 30
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what is wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
As if they not had toucht a drop.
The good old couple were amaz'd, 35
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry,—What art?
Then softly turn'd aside to view
Whether the lights were burning blue. 40

The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errant:
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but saints, the hermits said;
 No hurt shall come to you or yours; 45
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd:
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes. 50

They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter,
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.

The chimney widen'd, and grew higher,
 Became a steeple with a spire. 56

The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fast'ned to a joist;
 But with the upside down to shew
 Its inclination for below: 60
 In vain; for a superior force
 Apply'd at bottom stops its course:
 Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
 'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost 65
 Lost, by disuse, the art to roast,

A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion flow'r. 70
The flyer, tho't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce cou'd see 't ;
But, slacken'd by some secret power,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near ally'd, 75
Had never left each other's side ;
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone,
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd : 80
And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares ;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl, 85
Like an huge snail, along the wall ;
There stuck aloft, in publick view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show, 90
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The ballads, pasted on the wall,
 Of *Joan of France*, and *English Moll*,
Fair Rosamond, and *Robin Hood*, 95
The little children in the wood,
 Now seem'd to look abundance better,
 Improv'd in picture, size, and letter;
 And, high in order plac'd, describe
 The heraldry of ev'ry tribe.* 100

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Compact of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep, 105
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage by such seats as these
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what he fancy'd most. 110
 Philemon having paus'd a while,
 Return'd 'em thanks in homely stile;
 Then said, My house is grown so fine,
 Methinks, I still would call it mine,
 I'm old, and fain wou'd live at ease; 115
 Make me the parson, if you please.

* "Of the twelve tribes of Israel, which in country churches are sometimes distinguished by the ensigns appropriated to them by Jacob on his death bed."

He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels ;
He fees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve ; 120
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assum'd a fable hue ;
But, being old, continued just
As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tythes and dues : 125
He smok'd his pipe, and read the news ;
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vampt in the preface and the text ;
At christnings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart ; 130
Wish'd women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrow'd last ;
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine ;
Found his head fill'd with many a system :
But classick authors,—he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinner's edg'd with colberteen ; 140
Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
Became black fatten, flounc'd with lace.
Plain *goody* would no longer down,
'Twas *madam*, in her grogram gown.

Philemon was in great surprize, 145
And hardly could believe his eyes,
Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
Were several years this man and wife : 150
When on a day, which prov'd their last,
Discourfing o'er old ftories paff,
They went by chance, amidft their talk,
To the church-yard to take a walk;
When Baucis haftily cry'd out, 155
My dear, I fee your forehead fprout.
Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous:
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And re'ly, yours is budding too— 160
Nay,—now I cannot ftir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my Mufe;
In fhort, they both were turn'd to *years*.
Old goodman Dobfon of the green 165
Remembers, he the trees has feen;
He'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to fhew the fight;
On Sundays, after ev'ning-prayer,
He gathers all the parifh there; 170

Points out the place of either yew;
 Here Baucis, there Philemon, grew:
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd 175
 How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted:
 So the next parson stub'd and burnt it.



V E R S E S

ON THE

DEATH OF DOCTOR SWIFT.

●CCASIONED BY READING THE FOLLOWING
 MAXIM IN ROCHFOLCAULT:

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
 toujours quelque chose, qui ne nous déplaist pas.*

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF: NOV. 1731.

As Rochfoucault his maxims drew
 From nature, I believe 'em true:
 They argue no corrupted mind
 In him; the fault is in mankind,

This maxim more than all the rest 5
Is thought too base for human breast :
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends ;
“ While Nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.”

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.
I love my friend as well as you : 15
But why should he obstruct my view ?
Then let me have the higher post ;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind, 20
Had some heroick action done,
A champion kill'd, or trophy won ;
Rather than thus be overtopp'd,
Wou'd you not wish his lawrels cropp'd ?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout, 25
Lies rack'd with pain, and you without :
How patiently you hear him groan !
How glad, the case is not your own !

What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he ? 30
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell ?

Her end when emulation misses,
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses :
 The strongest friendship yields to pride, 35
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind ! fantastick race !
 Thy various follies who can trace ?
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide. 40
 Give others riches, power, and station ;
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ;
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line, 45
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six,
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit. 50
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay
 In my own humorous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
 Who dares to irony pretend ;
 Which I was born to introduce ; 55
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John,* as well as Pultney,† knows
 That I had some repute for prose ;

* *Viscount Bolingbroke.*

† *William Pulteney, esq; afterward earl of Bath.*

And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state, 60
If they have mortify'd my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heav'n hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send 65
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.

Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem. 70

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature dye;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends.
And, tho' 'tis hardly understood 75
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace;
You plainly find it in his face. 80
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind; 85
Forgets the place where last he din'd:

Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told 'em fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit? 90
 But he takes up with younger folks
 Who, for his wine, will bear his jokes.
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round, 95
 There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime;
 He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
 His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
 His fancy funk, his muse a jade. 100
 I'd have him throw away his pen;
 But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears
 By adding largely to my years:
 He's older than he would be reckon'd, 105
 And well remembers Charles the second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
 His stomach too begins to fail:
 Last year we thought him strong and hale;
 But now he's quite another thing: 111
 I wish he may hold out till spring.
 They hug themselves, and reason thus;
 It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes, 115
And, by their fears, express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend,
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess 120
(When daily how d'y's come of course,
And servants answer, " worse and worse !")
Wou'd please them better, than to tell,
That, God be prais'd ! the dean is well.
Then he who prophesy'd the best, 125
Approves his judgment to the rest :
" You know, I always fear'd the worst,
" And often told you so at first."
He'd rather choose that I should dye,
Than his prediction prove a lye. 130
Not one foretels I shall recover ;
But all agree to give me over.

Yet should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain ;
How many a message would he send ? 155
What hearty prayers that I should mend ?
Enquire what regimen I kept ;
What gave me ease, and how I slept ?
And more lament when I was dead
Than all the snivelers round my bed. 140

My good companions, never fear ;
For, though you may mistake a year,

Though your prognosticks run too fast,
They must be verify'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive ! 145

How is the dean ? he's just alive.
Now the departing prayer is read ;
He hardly breathes—The dean is dead.

Before the passing-bell begun,
The news thro' half the town has run.
Oh ! may we all for death prepare ! 151

What has he left ? And who's his heir ?
I know no more, than what the news is ;
'Tis all bequeath'd to publick uses.

To publick uses ! there's a whim ! 155

What had the publick done for him ?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride :
He gave it all - - - but first he dy'd.

And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend ? no poor relation ? 160

So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood ?

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd ;
With elegies the town is cloy'd :
Some paragraph in every paper 165

To *curse* the dean, or *bless* the drapier.

The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
We must confess his case was nice ;
But he would never take advice. 170

Had he been rul'd, for ought appears,
He might have liv'd these twenty years:
For, when we open'd him, we found,
That all his vital parts were found.

From Dublin soon to London spread, 175
'Tis told at court, the dean is dead;
And Lady Suffolk * in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell * * * .
* * so gracious, mild and good,
Cries, " Is he gone ! 'tis time he shou'd.

" * * * * * 181

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * *

" * * * * * 185

" * * * * * ."

Now Chartres †, at Sir Robert's ‡ levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy :
Why if he dy'd without his shoes,
(Cries Bob) I'm sorry for the news : 190

* " Mrs. Howard, then countess of Suffolk, and one of the bedchamber to the late queen."

† " Colonel Francis ' Charteris,' whose character may be seen in an epitaph written by Dr. Arbuthnot."

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, prime minister, afterward earl of Oxford.

Oh! were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will! *
 Or had a mitre on his head,
 Provided Bolingbroke was dead

Now Curl * his shop from rubbish drains:
 Three genuine tomes of *Swift's remains!*
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. †
 He'll treat me as does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters; 200
 Revive the libels born to die;
 Which Pope must bear, as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day. 206

St. John himself will scarce forbear •
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
 The rest will give a shrug, and cry
 "I'm sorry, but we all must die." 210

Indifference clad in wisdom's guise
 All fortitude of mind supplies:

* *Mr. Pulteney.*

† "An infamous bookseller, who published things in the dean's name which he never wrote."

‡ See their characters in the *Dunciad*.

For how can stony bowels melt
In those, who never pity felt?
When we are lasht, they kiss'd the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

216

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approacht, to stand between;
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:

225

"The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)

"Then, Lord have mercy on his soul.

"(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)

"Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.

"(I wish I knew what king to call.)

230

"Madam, your husband will attend

"The fun'ral of so good a friend.

"No, madam, 'tis a shocking fight;

"And he's engag'd to-morrow night:

"My lady Club wou'd take it ill

235

"If he should fail at her quadrill.

"He lov'd the dean, (I lead a heart)

"But dearest friends, they say, must part.

"His time was come; he ran his race;

"We hope he's in a better place."

240

Why do we grieve that friends should dye?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past; a different scene!
 No further mention of the dean,
 Who now, alas, no more is mist, 245
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
 Departed:—*And his works must follow;*
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date. 250

Some country 'squire to Lintot * goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, "I have heard the name;
 "He dy'd a year ago. The same."
 He searches all the shop in vain: 255
 "Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane †;
 "I sent them, with a load of books,
 "Last Monday, to the pastry-cooks.
 "To fancy they could live a year!
 "I find you're but a stranger here. 260
 "The dean was famous in his time,
 "And had a kind of knack at rhyme:
 "His way of writing now is past:
 "The town has got a better taste.

* "Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's *Dunciad* and *Letters*."

† A street where old books were formerly sold.

- “ I keep no antiquated stuff ; 265
 “ But spick and span I have enough.
 “ Pray, do but give me leave to shew ’em.
 “ Here’s Colley Cibber’s birth-day poem.
 “ This ode you never yet have seen
 “ By Stephen Duck * upon the queen. 270
 “ Then here’s a letter finely pen’d
 “ Against the Craftsman and his friend :
 “ It clearly shews, that all reflection
 “ On ministers is disaffection.
 “ Next, here’s fir Robert’s vindication, 275
 “ And Mr. Henley’s † last oration.
 “ The hawkers have not got them yet ;
 “ Your honour please to buy a sett ?”
 Suppose me dead ; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose ; 280
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 The dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill receiv’d at court.
 Altho’, ironically grave, 285
 He sham’d the fool and lash’d the knave.
 “ Sir, I have heard another story ;
 “ He was a most confounded tory,

* *A miserable poet (originally a thatcher) patronised by the court.*

† *Commonly called Orator Henley, a sort of clerical buffoon.*

“ And grew, or he is much bely’d,
 “ Etremely dull before he dy’d. 290

Can we the *drapier* e’er forget?
 Is not our nation in his debt?
 ’Twas he that writ the *Drapier’s letters*.

“ He should have left them for his betters;

“ We had a hundred abler men, 295

“ Nor need depend upon his pen.—

“ Say what you will about his reading,

“ You never can defend his breeding:

“ Who, in his satyrs running riot,

“ Could never leave the world in quiet;

“ Attacking, when he took the whim, 301

“ Court, city, camp;—all one to him.—

“ But why wou’d he, except he slobber’d,

“ Offend our patriot, great fir Robert?

“ Whose councils aid the sov’reign pow’r

“ To save the nation ev’ry hour. 306

“ What scenes of evil he unravels

“ In satyrs, libels, lying travels!

“ Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,

“ But eats into it like a moth!”— 310

Perhaps I may allow the dean

Had too much satyr in his vein,

And seem’d determin’d not to starve it,

Because no age could more deserve it.

Vice, if it e’er can be abash’d 315

Must be or ridicul’d or lash’d.

If you repent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you nor your name.
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke? 320
His friendships, still to few confin'd,
Were always of the midling kind;
No fools of rank, or mongrel breed,
Who fain wou'd pass for lords indeed;
Where titles gave no right or power, 325
And peerage is a wither'd flower.
He would have deem'd it a disgrace
If such a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him; 330
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters
So often seen caressing Chartres.
He kept with princes due decorum, 335
Yet never stood in awe before 'em;
But follow'd David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly four,
Provoke him with a slave in pow'r. 340
" Alas, poor dean! his only scope
" Was to be held a misanthrope.
" This into gen'ral odium drew him;
" Which, if he lik'd, much good may do him.

" His zeal was not to lash our crimes, 345
 " But discontent against the times :
 " For, had we made him timely offers
 " To raise his post or fill his coffers,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other brethren of his gown. 350
 " For party he would scarce have bled :
 " I say no more ---, because he's dead.—
 " What writings has he left behind ?"
 I hear they're of a diff'rent kind :
 A few, in verse ; but most, in prose.— 355
 " Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose :
 " All scribbled in the worst of times,
 " To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes,
 " To praise queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the pretender :— 360
 " Or libels yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the court to shew his spight :—
 " Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
 " A lye at ev'ry second word—
 " Offensive to a loyal ear :— 365
 " But—not one sermon, you may swear."—
 As for his works, in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those ;
 Nor can I tell what criticks thought 'em ;
 But this I know, all people bought 'em ; 370
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To please and to reform mankind :

And, if he often miss'd his aim,
The world must own it, to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame. }
He gave the little wealth he had 376
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To shew, by one satyric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
And, since you dread no farther lashes, 380
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.



A LETTER FROM ITALY,

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR MDCCI.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ.*

*Salve magna parens frugum Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
Aggredior, sanctos ausas recludere fontes.*

VIRG. Georg. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys, 5
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

* Born 1671; dyed 1719:

For wherefoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise, 10
Poetic fields incompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows, 15
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods,
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source, 20
To see the Mincio draw his watry store,
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey 25
Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows. 30

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill, 35
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
 That destitute of strength derives its course
 From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source ; 40
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys ;
 So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme !
 Such was the Boyn, a poor inglorious stream,
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd, 45
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd ;
 'Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
 Its rising billows through the world resound,
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse. 50

Oh cou'd the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
 With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shou'd shine,
 And Virgil's Italy shou'd yield to mine !

See how the golden groves around me smile,
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle, 56
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents : 60
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
 And troden weeds send out a rich perfume.
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats ;

Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride : 66
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive, 70
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruine lie.
An amphitheater's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome, 75
And held uncrowded nations in its womb :
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies ;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid : 80
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And wond'ring at their height through airy chan-
nels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires ;
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires ;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone. 86
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand,
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown ; 90

While the bright dames, to whom they humbly fu'd,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th' immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight, 96
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow.
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost: 100
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And opening palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art, 110
While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The red'ning orange and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines, 115
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty, thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight ! 120
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train ;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks chearful in thy sight ;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay, 125
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores ;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought !
On foreign mountains may the sun refine 131
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil :
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies 143
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine :
'Tis Liberty that crown's Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak moun-
tains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight ;
A nicer touch to the stretcht canvas give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live :

'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state, 146
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms : 150
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.

Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite 155
By foreign gold or by domestic spite :
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found
The distant climes and diff'rent tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse with pain,
That longs to lanch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme, 165
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;
Unfit for heroes ; whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like yours, shou'd praise.



TO HIS PERJUR'D MISTRESS.

FROM HORACE.

Nox erat, & cælo fulgebat luna sereno, &c.

BY THOMAS YALDEN, D. D.*

IT was one evening, when the rising moon
Amidst her train of stars distinctly shone ;
Serene and calm was the inviting night,
And heav'n appear'd in all its lustre bright ;
When you, Neæra, you, my perjur'd fair, 5
Did, to abuse the gods and me prepare.
'Twas then you swore, remember, faithless maid,
With what indearing arts you then betray'd :
Remember all the tender things that past,
When round my neck your willing arms were cast ;
The circling ivys when with oaks they join, 11
Seem loose, and coy, to those fond arms of thine.
Believe, you cry'd, this solemn vow believe,
The noblest pledge that love and I can give ;
Or if there's ought more sacred here below, 15
Let that confirm my oath to heav'n and you.

* Born 1671 ; dyed 1736.

If e'er my breast a guilty flame receives,
Or covets joys, but what thy presence gives;
May ev'ry injur'd pow'r assert thy cause,
And Love avenge his violated laws : 20
While cruel beasts of prey infest the plain,
And tempests rage upon the faithless main :
While sighs and tears shall listning virgins move,
So long, ye powers, will fond Neæra love.

Ah faithless charmer, lovely perjur'd maid !
Are thus my vows, and generous flame repaid ?
Repeated flights I have too tamely bore,
Still doated on, and still been wrong'd the more.
Why do I listen to that Syren's voice,
Love ev'n thy crimes, and fly to guilty joys ! 30
Thy fatal eyes my best resolves betray,
My fury melts in soft desires away :
Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes atone,
Elude my rage, and I'm again undone.

But if my injur'd soul dares yet be brave, 35
Unless I'm fond of shame, confirm'd a slave,
I will be deaf to that enchanting tongue,
Nor on thy beauties gaze away my wrong.
At length I'll loath each prostituted grace,
Nor court the leavings of a cloy'd embrace ; 40
But show, with manly rage, my soul's above
The cold returns of thy exhausted love.
Then thou shalt justly mourn at my disdain,
Find all thy arts, and all thy charms in vain :

Shalt mourn, whilst I, with nobler flames, pursue
 Some nymph as fair, tho' not unjust, as you ;
 Whose wit, and beauty, shall like thine excel,
 But far surpass in truth, and loving well.

But wretched thou, who-e'er my rival art,
 That fondly boasts an empire o'er her heart ; 50
 Thou that enjoy'st the fair inconstant prize,
 And vainly triumph'st with my victories ;
 Unenvy'd now, o'er all her beauties rove,
 Enjoy thy ruin, and Neæra's love :
 Tho' wealth and honours grace thy nobler birth,
 To bribe her love, and fix a wand'ring faith ; 56
 Tho' ev'ry grace, and ev'ry virtue join,
 T' enrich thy mind, and make thy form divine ;
 Yet blest with endless charms, too soon you'll prove
 The treacheries of false Neæra's love. 60
 Lost, and abandon'd by th' ungrateful fair,
 Like me you'll love, be injur'd, and despair.
 When left th' unhappy object of her scorn,
 Then shall I smile to see the victor mourn,
 Laugh at thy fate, and triumph in my turn. }



TO A CANDLE.

ELEGY.

BY WILLIAM CONGREVE, ESQ.*

THOU watchful taper, by whose silent light
I lonely pass the melancholly night;
Thou faithful witness of my secret pain,
To whom alone I venture to complain;
O learn with me, my hopeless love to moan; 5
Commiserate a life so like thy own.
Like thine, my flames to my destruction turn,
Wasting that heart by which supply'd they burn.
Like thine, my joy and suffering they display;
At once are signs of life, and symptoms of decay.
And as thy fearful flames the day decline, 11
And only during night presume to shine;
Their humble rays not daring to aspire
Before the sun, the fountain of their fire:
So mine, with conscious shame, and equal awe,
To shades obscure and solitude withdraw; 16
Nor dare their light before her eyes disclose,
From whose bright beams their being first arose.

* Born 1672; dyed 1729.

HORACE, Book II. Ode IV. IMITATED.

THE LORD GRIFFIN TO THE
EARL OF SCARSDALE.

BY NICHOLAS ROWE, ESQ.
POET LAUREAT.*

I.

Do not, most fragrant earl, disclaim
Thy bright, thy reputable flame,
To Bracegirdle the brown;
But publickly espouse the dame,
And say G— d— the town. 5

II.

Full many heroes, fierce and keen,
With drabs have deeply smitten been,
Although right good commanders;
Some who with you have Hounslow seen,
And some who've been in Flanders. 10

* *Born 1673; dyed 1718.*

III.

Did not base Greber's Pegg* inflame
 The sober earl of Nottingham,
 Of sober fire descended?
 That careless of his soul and fame,
 To play-houses he nightly came, 15
 And left church undefended.

IV.

The monarch who of France is hight,
 Who rules the rost with matchless might,
 Since William went to heaven;
 Loves Maintenon, his lady bright, 20
 Who was but Scarron's leaving.

V.

Tho' thy dear's father kept an inn,
 At grisly head of Saracen,
 For carriers at Northampton;
 Yet she might come of gentler kin, 25
 Than e'er that father dreamt on.

VI.

Of proffers large her choice had she,
 Of jewels, plate, and land in fee,
 Which she with scorn rejected:
 And can a nymph so virtuous be 30
 Of base-born blood suspected?

* Signiora 'Francesca Margareta' de l'Epine,' an Italian
 songstress.

VII.

Her dimple cheek, and roguish eye,
Her slender waste, and taper thigh,
I always thought provoking ;
But, faith, tho' I talk waggishly, 35
I mean no more than joking.

VIII.

Then be not jealous, friend, for why ?
My lady marchioness is nigh,
To see I ne'er shall hurt ye ;
Besides, you know full well, that I 40
Am turn'd of five-and-forty.



THE INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

BY ISAAC WATTS, D.D.*

[TO MR. HENRY BENDYSH.]

I.

WHY should our joys transform to pain?
Why gentle Hymen's filken chain
A plague of iron prove?
Bendysh, 'tis strange the chain that binds
Millions of hands, should leave their minds
At such a loose from love. 6

II.

In vain I fought the wondrous cause,
Rang'd the wide field of nature's laws,
And urg'd the schools in vain;
Then deep in thought, within my breast 10
My soul retir'd, and slumber dress'd
A bright instructive scene.

* Born 1674; dyed 1748.

III.

O'er the broad lands, and crofs the tide,
 On fancy's airy horfe I ride,
 (Sweet rapture of the mind!) 15
 Till on the banks of Ganges flood,
 In a tall ancient grove I flood
 For facred ufe design'd.

IV.

Hard by, a venerable prieft,
 Ris'n with his god, the fun, from reft, 20
 Awoke his morning fong;
 Thrice he conjur'd the murm'ring fream;
 The birth of fouls was all his theme,
 And half divine his tongue.

V.

He fang "th' eternal rolling flame, 25
 "That vital mafs, that ftill the fame
 "Does all our minds compofe:
 "But fhap'd in twice ten thoufand frames;
 "Thence diff'ring fouls of diff'ring names,
 " And jarring tempers rofe. 30

VI.

"The mighty power that form'd the mind
 "One mould for every two design'd,
 " And blefs'd the new-born pair:
 "*This be a match for this:* (he faid)
 "Then down he fent the fouls he made, 35
 " To feek them bodies here:

VII.

" But parting from their warm abode
 " They lost their fellows on the road,
 " And never join'd their hands :
 " Ah cruel chance, and crossing fates ! 40
 " Our Eastern souls have dropt their mates
 " On Europe's barbarous lands.

VIII.

" Happy the youth that finds the bride
 " Whose birth is to his own ally'd,
 " The sweetest joy of life : 45
 " But oh the crowds of wretched souls
 " Fetter'd to minds of different moulds,
 " And chain'd t' eternal strife."

IX.

' Thus sang the wond'rous Indian bard ;
 My soul with vast attention heard, 50
 While Ganges ceas'd to flow :
 " Sure then (I cry'd) might I but see
 " That gentle nymph that twinn'd with me,
 " I may be happy too.

X.

" Some courteous angel, tell me where, 55
 " What distant lands this unknown fair,
 " Or distant seas detain ?
 " Swift as the wheel of nature rolls
 " I'd fly, to meet, and mingle souls,
 " And wear the joyful chain." 60

PASTORAL.

BY AMBROSE PHILIPS.*

GERON, HOBBINOL, LANQUET.

GERON.

How still the sea behold ! how calm the sky !
And how, in sportive chace, the swallows fly !
My goats, secure from harm, small tendance need,
While high, on yonder hanging rock, they feed :
And, here below, the banky shore along, 5
Your heifers graze. Now, then, to strive in song
Prepare. As eldest, Hobbinol begin ;
And Lanquet's rival-verse, by turns, come in.

HOBBINOL.

Let others stake what chosen pledge they will,
Or kid, or lamb, or mazer wrought with skill :
For praise we sing, nor wager ought beside ; 11
And, whose the praise, let Geron's lips decide.

LANQUET.

To Geron I my voice, and skill, commend,
A candid umpire, and to both a friend.

* Born 1674 ; dyed 1749.

GERON.

Begin then, boys; and vary well your song:
 Begin; nor fear, from Geron's sentence, wrong,
 A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
 All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
 I to the victor give: no mean reward,
 If to the ruder village-pipes compar'd. 20

HOBBINOL.

The snows are melted; and the kindly rain
 Descends on every herb, and every grain:
 Soft balmy breezes breathe along the sky;
 The bloomy season of the year is nigh.

LANQUET.

The cuckoo calls aloud his wandering love; 25
 The turtle's moan is heard in every grove;
 The pastures change; the warbling linnets sing:
 Prepare to welcome in the gaudy spring.

HOBBINOL.

When locusts, in the ferny bushes, cry,
 When ravens pant, and snakes in caverns lie, 30
 Graze then in woods, and quit the shadeless plain,
 Else shall ye press the spongy teat in vain.

LANQUET.

When greens to yellow vary, and ye see
 The ground besfrew'd with fruits of every tree,

And stormy winds are heard, think winter near,
Nor trust too far to the declining year.

HOBBINOL.

Woe, then, alack ! befall the spendthrift swain,
When frost, and snow, and hail, and fleet, and rain,
By turns chastise him, while, through little care,
His sheep, unshelter'd, pine in nipping air. 40

LANQUET.

The lad of forecast then untroubled sees
The white-bleak plains, and silvery frosted trees :
He fends his flock, and, clad in homely frize,
In his warm cott the wintery blast defies.

HOBBINOL.

Full fain, O blest'd Eliza ! would I praise 45
Thy maiden-rule, and Albion's golden days :
Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend.
Eternal blessings on his shade attend.

LANQUET.

Thrice happy shepherds now ! for Dorset loves
The country-muse, and our resounding groves,
While Anna reigns : O, ever may she reign ! 51
And bring, on earth, the golden age again.

HOBBINOL.

I love, in secret all, a beauteous maid,
And have my love, in secret all, repaid ;

This coming night she plights her troth to me :
 Divine her name, and thou the victor be. 56

LANQUET.

Mild as the lamb, unharmed as the dove,
 True as the turtle, is the maid I love :
 How we in secret love, I shall not say :
 Divine her name, and I give up the day. 60

HOBBINOL.

Soft on a cowslip-bank my love and I
 Together lay ; a brook ran murmuring by :
 A thousand tender things to me she said ;
 And I a thousand tender things repaid.

LANQUET.

In summer-shade, behind the cocking hay, 65
 What kind endearing words did she not say !
 Her lap, with apron deck'd, she fondly spread,
 And strok'd my cheek, and lull'd my leaning head.

HOBBINOL.

Breathe soft, ye winds ; ye waters, gently flow ;
 Shield her, ye trees ; ye flowers, around her grow :
 Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by ; 71
 My love, in yonder vale, asleep does lie.

LANQUET.

Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
 Her lovely limbs half bare, and rude the wind :

I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss: 75
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss.

HOBBINOL.

As Marian bath'd, by chance I pass'd by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a sidelong eye:
Then, cowering in the treacherous stream, she try'd
Her tempting form, yet still in vain, to hide. 80

LANQUET.

As I, to cool me, bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia, lurking, in the sedges lay:
The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
Yet oft she stopt, and oft she turn'd her eye.

HOBBINOL.

When first I saw, would I had never seen, 85
Young Lyset lead the dance on yonder green,
Intent upon her beauties, as she mov'd,
Poor heedless wretch! at unawares I lov'd.

LANQUET.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,
And on her elbow leans, dissembling rest, 90
Unable to refrain my madding mind,
Nor herds, nor pasture, worth my care I find.

HOBBINOL.

Come Rosalind, O come! for, wanting thee,
Our peopled vale a desert is to me.

Come, Rosalind, O come! My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, are thine.

LANQUET.

Come, Rosalind, O come! Here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flowers,
Come, Rosalind! Here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste the live-long time away. 100

HOBBINOL.

In vain the seasons of the moon I know,
The force of healing herbs, and where they grow:
No herb there is, no season, to remove
From my fond heart the racking pains of love.

LANQUET.

What profits me, that I in charms have skill,
And ghosts, and goblins, order as I will, 106
Yet have, with all my charms, no power to lay
The sprite that breaks my quiet night and day?

HOBBINOL.

O, that, like Colin, I had skill in rhimes,
To purchase credit with succeeding times! 110
Sweet Colin Clout! who never, yet, had peer;
Who sung through all the seasons of the year.

LANQUET.

Let me, like Merlin, sing: his voice had power
To free the 'clipping moon at midnight hour:

And, as he fung, the fairies with their queen,
In mantles blue, came tripping o'er the green.

HOBBINOL.

Last eve of May did I not hear them sing,
And see their dance? And I can shew the ring,
Where, hand in hand, they shift their feet so light:
The grass springs greener from their tread by night.

LANQUET.

But hast thou seen their king, in rich array,
Fam'd Oberon, with damask'd robe so gay,
And gemmy crown, by moonshine sparkling far,
And azure scepter, pointed with a star?

GERON.

Here end your pleasing strife. Both victors are;
And both with Colin may, in rhyme, compare.
A boxen hautboy, loud, and sweet of sound,
All varnish'd, and with brazen ringlets bound,
To each I give. A mizling mist descends
Adown that steepy rock: and this way tends 130
Yon distant rain. Shoreward the vessels strive;
And, see, the boys their flocks to shelter drive.



TO THE EARL OF DORSET.

BY THE SAME.

Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
 What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight 5
 All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
 The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye. 10

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing.
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play, 15
 And spout his waters in the face of day.
 The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
 And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
 O'er many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain. 20
 There solid billows of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately have I seen, ev'n here,
The winter in a lovely drefs appear.
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow, 25
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow,
At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view 30
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes :
For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
And ev'ry pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show, 35
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watry marshes yield,
Seem'd polish'd lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise,
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise : 40
The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

When if a sudden gust of wind arise, 45
The brittle forest into atoms flies,
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends ;
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm, 50

The traveller a miry country fees,
 And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees :
 Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
 Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads,
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise, 55
 And airy fabricks there attract his eyes,
 His wand'ring feet the magick paths pursue,
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear,
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.



TO SIGNORA CUZZONI.

BY THE SAME.

May 25, 1724.

LITTLE Siren of the stage,
 Charmer of an idle age,
 Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
 Wanton gale of fond desire,

Bane of every manly art, 5
Sweet enfeebler of the heart,
O, too pleasing in thy strain,
Hence, to southern climes again;
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell; 10
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.



THE
SPLENDID SHILLING.

AN IMITATION OF MILTON.

BY JOHN PHILIPS.*

————— *Sing, heavenly Muse,
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.*

HAPPY the man, who, void of cares and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for chearful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise, 5
To Juniper's-Magpye, or Town-Hall repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Witheth her health, and joy, and equal love. 10
Meanwhile, he smoaks, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.

* Born 1676; dyed 1708.

But I, whom griping penury furrounds,
 And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
 With scanty offals, and small acid tiff 15
 (Wretched repast!) my meagre corps sustain;
 Then solitary walk, or doze at home
 In garret vile, and with a warming puff
 Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
 As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet, 20
 Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
 Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
 Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree)
 Sprung from Cadwalader and Arthur, kings
 Full famous in romantick tale) when he 25
 O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
 Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
 High over-shadowing rides, with a design
 To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian marte,
 Or Maridunum, or the ancient town 30
 Yclip'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
 Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
 Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
 With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus while my joyless minutes tedious flow, 35
 With looks demure, and silent pace, a Dun,
 Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
 To my aërial citadel ascends,
 With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gate,
 With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know 40

The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
 What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
 Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
 Of wood-hole; strait my bristling hairs erect
 Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews 45
 My shud'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
 My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
 So horrible he seems! His faded brow
 Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
 And spreading band, admir'd by modern faints,
 Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
 Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
 With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
 Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
 Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
 stalks

Another monster, not unlike himself,
 Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
 A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
 With force incredible, and magick charms,
 Erst have endu'd: if he his ample palm 60
 Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
 Of debtor, strait his body to the touch
 Obsequious, (as whilom knights were wont)
 To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
 Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
 In durance strict detain him, till, in form 66
 Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

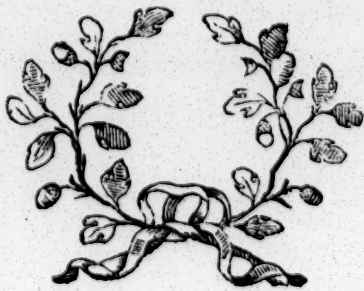
Beware, ye debtors, when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
The caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft 70
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to inchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestick vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye 75
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her difembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchin, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands 80
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone, 85
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares
Useless resistance make: with eager strides
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood 90
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air

Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts 95
 With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of wood;
 Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
 Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
 Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
 Amidst the horrors of the tedious night, 100
 Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
 My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
 Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendant on a willow-tree. 105
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake, 110
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.

Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar-fruit, delicious in decay:
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain: 120
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury, and incroaching frosts,

By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue !)
An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
Wide, discontinuous ; at which the winds 125
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or thro' th'Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till cruising near 131
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush,
On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks !)
She strikes rebounding ; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand, 135
Admits the sea ; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming ; horrors seize
The mariners ; death in their eyes appears,
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they
pray :
(Vain efforts !) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable, till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyss.



TO A PAINTER.

BY JOHN HUGHES, ESQ.*

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face ;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art ;
O ! teach the mighty charm, that we 5
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou Love's brightest light'ning draw,
Which none e'er yet unwounded saw ?
To what then wilt thou next aspire,
Unless to imitate Jove's fire ? 10
Which is a less advent'rous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus dy'd.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear ;
Who with a look can arts infuse, 15
Create a painter, or a muse ;
Whom crouds with awful rapture view ;
She sits serene, and smiles on you !
Your genius thus inspir'd will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before, 20

* Born 1677; dyed 1719.

And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.

So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand, 25
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
"Exert thy fire, the monarch said,
"Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
"To let admiring nations see
"Their dreaded victor drawn by thee; 30
"To others thou mayst life impart,
"But I'll immortalize thy art!"



THE PEACH-STONE.

BY GEORGE JEFFREYS, ESQ.*

WHERE healing springs, by Astrop plac'd,
Their watry stores supply,
A peach-stone yields the wine as fast,
And fills the glass as high.

Such magic in that prize is found, 5
By bright Maria taught
To speed the chearful brimmer round,
And consecrate the draught.

Bless'd by those lips, whose touch divine
Might wasting life repair; 10
To nectar it converts the wine,
To gladness ev'ry care.

Give me that balm to ease my pain,
My cordial when I faint;
And let the relique still remain, 15
To witness for the saint.

* Born 1678; dyed 1755.



THE HERMIT.

BY THOMAS PARNELL, D. D.

ARCHDEACON OF CLOCHER.*

FAR in a wild, unknown to publick view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the chrystal well:
Remote from men, with God he pass'd the days,
Pray'r all his bus'ness, all his pleasure praise. 6

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose;
That vice shou'd triumph, virtue vice obey,
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast, 11
And all the tenour of his soul is lost:
So when a smooth expanse receives imprest
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle scene divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run. 20

* Born 1679; dyed 1713.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by fight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right,
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore, 25
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass; 30
But when the Southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came passing o'er a crossing way!
His rayment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.
Then near approaching, Father, hail! he cry'd,
And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire reply'd; 36
Words followed words, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart. 40
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature in silence bid the world repose; 45
When near the road a stately palace rose:
There by the moon thro' ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.

It chanc't the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise, 51
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.

The pair arrive : the liv'ry'd servants wait ;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food, 55
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown :
Deep sunk in sleep, and filk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the Zephyrs play : 60
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.

Up rise the guests, obedient to the call :
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac't, 65
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then, pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go ;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd ; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glittering prize.

As one who 'spys a serpent in his way, 71
Glistning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;
So seem'd the fire ; when far upon the road, 75
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.

He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,
That generous actions meet a base reward. 80

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat. 86
'Twas built with turrets, on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;
Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there. 90

As near the Miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud-rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) ;
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ; 100
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls :
Bread of the courtest fort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;

And when the tempest first appear'd to cease, 105
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd,)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ? 110
But what new marks of wonder soon took place,
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl 115
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day :
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom
wrought
With all the travel of uncertain thought ;
His partner's acts without their cause appear, 125
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here :
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,
Again the wand'ers want a place to lye,
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }

The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great :
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind. 135
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :
Their greeting fair bestow'd, with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies :

Without a vain, without a yielding heart, 140
To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;
From him you come, for him accept you here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer :
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed, 145
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil ; the dappled morn arose ;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept, 150
Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And with'd his neck : the landlord's little pride,
O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done ?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, cou'd more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling fails to fly with speed.

His steps the youth pursues; the country lay 160
Perplex'd with roads, a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair; 176
Celestial odours breathe thro' purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight, 180
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends. 185
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms, success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down, to calm thy mind. 191
 For this, commission'd, I forsook the sky,
 Nay, cease to kneel—Thy fellow servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine. 195

The maker justly claims that world he made,
 In this the right of providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty thro' all depends,
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The pow'r exerts his attributes on high, 201
 Your actions uses, not controuls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprize,
 Than those which lately strook thy wond'ring eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess th' almighty just,
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The Great, Vain Man, who far'd on costly food,
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
 Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
 Has, with the Cup, the graceless custom lost,
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean, suspicious Wretch, whose bolted door
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ; 215

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind :
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead, 220
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our Pious Friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain, 226
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go 230
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow).
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wrack,
Had that false Servant sped in safety back ! 235
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : This tryal o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wond'ring as the Seraph flew. 241
Thus look'd Elisha when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;

The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too. 245
 The bending Hermit here a pray'r begun,
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done:
 Then, gladly turning, fought his antient place,
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.*



A FAIRY TALE.

IN THE ANCIENT ENGLISH STILE.

BY THE SAME.

IN Britain's isle, and Arthur's days,
 When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,
 Liv'd Edwin of the Green;
 Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
 Endow'd with courage, sence and truth, 5
 Though badly shap'd he been.

* *The fable of this elegant, but surely immoral, poem is not the invention of Dr. Parnell, who had it, in all probability, from Mores Dialogues. It is a production of the darker ages, and makes the eightyeth chapter of the Gesta Romanorum.*

His mountain back mote well be said,
To measure heighth against his head,
And lift itself above ;
Yet, spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
This creature dar'd to love.

10

He felt the force of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
Cou'd ladies look within ;
But one Sir Topaz drefs'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
He had a shape to win.

15

Edwin (if right I read my song)
With slighted passion pac'd along
All in the moony light ;
'Twas near an old enchaunted court,
Where sportive faeries made resort
To revel out the night.

20

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town ;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

30

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
 A trembling rocks the ground :
And (well I ween, to count aright)
At once an hundred tapers light 35
 On all the walls around.

Now founding tongues affail his ear,
Now founding feet approachen near,
 And now the sounds increase :
And from the corner where he lay 40
He sees a train profusely gay
 Come prancing o'er the place.

But (trust me, gentles!) never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
 Or half so rich before ; 45
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
 The town its filken store.

Now whilst he gaz'd, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest, 50
 With awfull accent cry'd ;
What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
 Has here presum'd to hide ?

At this the swain, whose vent'rous soul 55
No fears of magic could controul,
 Advanc'd in open fight;
"Nor have I cause of dread, he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
 "Your revels of the night. 60

"Twas grief, for scorn of faithful love,
"Which made my steps unweeting rove
 "Amid the nightly dew."
'Tis well, the gallant crys again,
We faeries never injure men 65
 Who dare to tell us true.

Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or e'er we part
 To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce; 70
Whilst I with Mab, my part'ner daunce,
 Be little Mable thine.

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
 The monarch leads the queen: 75
The rest their faerie part'ners found;
And Mable trimly tript the ground
 With Edwin of the Green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
 And fiker such a feast was made 80
 As heart and lip desire ;
 Withouten hands the dishes fly,
 The glasses with a wish come nigh,
 And with a wish retire.

But, now to please the faerie king, 85
 Full ev'ry deal they laugh and sing,
 And antick feats devise ;
 Some wind and tumble like an ape,
 And other-some transmute their shape,
 In Edwin's wond'ring eyes. 90

Till one at last, that Robin hight,
 (Renown'd for pinching maids by night)
 Has hent him up aloof ;
 And full against the beam he flung,
 Where by the back the youth he hung, 95
 To spraul unneath the roof.

From thence, " Reverse my charm," he crys,
 " And let it fairly now suffice
 " The gambol has been shown."
 But Oberon answers with a smile, 100
 Content thee Edwin for a while,
 The vantage is thine own.

Here ended all the phantome-play ;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow ; 105
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clap'd the door, and whistled loud
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once, they fly,
And all at once the tapers dy ; 110
Poor Edwin falls to floor ;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in like a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose, 115
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less ;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Had rid him of the lump behind,
Which made him want success. 120

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems a dauncing as he walks,
His story soon took wind ;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth, 125
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
 (The youth of Edith erst approv'd)
 To see the revel scene :
 At close of eve he leaves his home,
 And wends to find the ruin'd dome
 All on the gloomy plain.

130

As there he bides, it so befell,
 The wind came rustling down a dell,
 A shaking seiz'd the wall ;
 Up spring the tapers as before,
 The faeries bragly foot the floor,
 And musick fills the hall.

135

But *certes* forely sunk with woe
 Sir Topaz sees the elphin show,
 His spirits in him dy :
 When Oberon crys, " A man is near,
 " A mortal passion, cleeped fear,
 " Hangs flagging in the sky."

140

With that Sir Topaz (hapless youth !)
 In accents fault'ring, ay for ruth,
 Intreats them pity graunt ;
 For als he been a mifer wight
 Betray'd by wand'ring in the night
 To tread the circled haunt :

145

150

" Ah losell vile, at once they roar ;
 " And little skill'd of faerie lore,
 " Thy cause to come, we know :
 " Now has thy kestrell courage fell ;
 " And faeries, since a ly you tell, 155
 " Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
 To trail the fwains among the mire,
 The caitive upward flung ;
 There, like a tortoise in a shop, 160
 He dangled from the chamber-top,
 Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
 ' Deftly' they frisk it o'er the place,
 They fit, they drink, and eat ; 165
 The time with frolick mirth beguile,
 And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while,
 Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
 They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink, 170
 And down y-drops the knight :
 For never spell by faerie laid
 With strong enchantment bound a glade
 Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay, 175
 Till up the welkin rose the day,
 Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
 But wot ye well his harder lot?
 His feely back the bunch had got
 Which Edwin lost afore. 180

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
 She softly strok'd my youngling head,
 And when the tale was done,
 " Thus some are born, my son (she cries)
 " With base impediments to rise, 185
 " And some are born with none.

" But virtue can itself advance
 " To what the fav'rite fools of chance
 " By fortune seem'd design'd;
 " Virtue can gain the odds of fate, 190
 " And from itself shake off the weight
 " Upon th' unworthy mind."



RONALD AND DORNA;

BY A HIGHLANDER, TO HIS MISTRESS.

FROM A LITERAL TRANSLATION
OF THE ORIGINAL.

BY AARON HILL, ESQ.*

I.

COME, let us climb Skorr-urran's snowy top ;
Cold, as it seems, it is less cold than you :
Thin, thro' its snow, these lambs its heath-twigs crop ;
Your snow, more hostile, starves, and freezes, too.

II.

What, tho' I lov'd, of late, in Skey's fair isle, 5
And blush'd --- and bow'd --- and shrunk from
Kenza's eye !
All, she had pow'r to hurt with, was her smile ;
But 'tis a frown of yours, for which I die.

III.

Ask, why these herds, beneath us, rush, so fast,
On the brown sea-ware's stranded heaps, to feed ?
Winter, like you, with-holds their wish'd repast,
And, robb'd of genial grass, they brouze on weed.

* Born 1684 ; dyed 1749.

IV.

Mark, with what tuneful haste Sheleila flows,
To mix its wid'ning stream in Donnan's lake!
Yet should some dam the current's course oppose,
It must, per-force, a less-lov'd passage take. 16

V.

Born, like your body, for a spirit's claim,
Trembling, I wait, unsoul'd, till you inspire:
God has prepar'd the lamp, and bids it flame,
But you, fair Dorna, have with-held the fire.

VI.

High, as yon pine, when you begin to speak,
My light'ning heart leaps, hopeful, at the sound,
But, fainting at the sense, falls, void, and weak,
And sinks, and saddens, like yon mossy ground.

VII.

All that I taste, or touch, or see, or hear, 25
Nature's whole breadth reminds me but of you:
Ev'n heav'n itself would your sweet likeness wear,
If, with its pow'r, you had its mercy too.



THE MESSENGER.

BY THE SAME.

Go, happy paper! gently steal,
And, soft, beneath her pillow, lie:
There, in a dream, my love reveal,
A love, that awe must, else, conceal,
In silent doubt, to die. 5

Should she, to flames, thy hope consign,
Thy suff'ring moment soon expires;
A longer pain, alas! is mine,
Condemn'd, in endless woe, to pine,
And feel unslack'ning fires. 10

But, if inclin'd to hear, and bless,
While, in her heart, soft pity stirs;
Tell her—her beauties might compel
A hermit to forsake his cell,
And change his heav'n for hers. 15

Oh! tell her—were her treasures mine,
Nature and art would court my aid;
The painter's colours want her shine;
The rainbow's brow not half so fine
As her sweet eye-lids shade! 20

By day, the sun might spare his rays;
No star make ev'ning bright;
Her op'ning eyes, with sweeter blaze,
Should measure all my smiling days,
And, if she slept, 'twere night.



TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL
OF WARWICK.

[ON THE DEATH OF MR. ADDISON.]

BY THOMAS TICKELL, ESQ.*

IF, dumb too long, the drooping Muse hath stay'd,
And left her debt to Addison unpaid;
Blame not her silence, Warwick, but bemoan,
And judge, oh judge, my bosom by your own.
What mourner ever felt poetic fires! 5
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires:
Grief unaffected suits but ill with art,
Or flowing numbers with a bleeding heart.

Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for ever to the grave! 10
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Thro' breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Thro' rows of warriors, and thro' walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn bell inspire; 15
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;

* *Born 1686; dyed 1740.*

The duties by the lawn-rob'd prelate pay'd ;
 And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd !
 While speechless o'er thy closing grave we bend,
 Accept these tears, thou dear departed friend, 20
 Oh gone for ever, take this long adieu ;
 And sleep in peace, next thy lov'd Montagu.

To strew fresh laurels let the task be mine,
 A frequent pilgrim, at thy sacred shrine,
 Mine with true sighs thy absence to bemoan, 25
 And grave with faithful epitaphs thy stone.
 If e'er from me thy lov'd memorial part,
 May shame afflict this alienated heart ;
 Of thee forgetful if I form a song,
 My lyre be broken, and untun'd my tongue, 30
 My grief be doubled, from thy image free,
 And mirth a torment, unchastis'd by thee.

Oft let me range the gloomy ' ailes' alone,
 (Sad luxury ! to vulgar minds unknown)
 Along the walls where speaking marbles show 35
 What worthies form the hallow'd mold below :
 Proud names, who once the reins of empire held ;
 In arms who triumph'd ; or in arts excell'd ;
 Chiefs, grac'd with scars, and prodigal of blood ;
 Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood ; 40
 Just men, by whom impartial laws were given ;
 And saints, who taught, and led, the way to heav'n.

Ne'er to these chambers, where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation, came a nobler guest,
Nor e'er was to the bow'rs of bliss convey'd 45
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.

In what new region, to the just assign'd,
What new employments please th' unbody'd mind?
A winged Virtue, through th' ethereal sky,
From world to world unweary'd does he fly, 50
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of heav'n's decrees, where wond'ring angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold Seraphs tell
How Michael battel'd, and the Dragon fell?
Or, mix'd with milder Cherubim, to glow 55
In hymns of love, not ill-essay'd below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind,
A task well suited to thy gentle mind?
Oh, if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian Genius, lend! 60
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from Ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before, 65
'Till bliss shall join, nor death can part us more.

That awful form (which, so ye heav'n's decree,
Must still be lov'd and still deplor'd by me)
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or, rous'd by fancy, meets my waking eyes. 70

If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
 Th' unblemish'd statesman seems to strike my sight;
 If in the stage I seek to sooth my care,
 I meet his soul which breathes in Cato there;
 If pensive to the rural shades I rove, 75
 His shape o'ertakes me in the lonely grove:
 'Twas there of Just and Good he reason'd strong,
 Clear'd some great truth, or rais'd some serious song;
 There patient show'd us the wise course to steer,
 A candid censor, and a friend severe; 80
 There taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
 The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.

Thou Hill, whose brow the antique structures grace,
 Rear'd by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race,
 Why, once so lov'd, when-e'er thy bower appears,
 O'er my dim eye-balls glance the sudden tears!
 How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
 Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
 How sweet the gloomes beneath thy aged trees,
 Thy noon-tide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
 His image thy forsaken bowers restore; 91
 Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more.
 No more the summer in thy gloomes allay'd,
 Thy evening breezes, and thy noon-day shade.

From other ills, however fortune frown'd, 95
 Some refuge in the muse's art I found;
 Reluctant now I touch the trembling string,
 Bereft of him, who taught me how to sing;

And these sad accents, murmur'd o'er his urn,
 Betray that absence, they attempt to mourn. 100
 Oh! must I then (now fresh my bosom bleeds,
 And Craggs in death to Addison succeeds)
 The verse, begun to one lost friend, prolong,
 And weep a second in th' unfinish'd song!

These works divine, which on his death-bed laid,
 To thee, O Craggs, th' expiring Sage convey'd,
 Great, but ill-omen'd monument of fame,
 Nor he surviv'd to give, nor thou to claim,
 Swift after him thy social spirit flies,
 And close to his, how soon! thy coffin lies. 110
 Blest pair! whose union future bards shall tell
 In future tongues: each other's boast! farewell.
 Farewel! whom join'd in fame, in friendship try'd,
 No chance could sever, nor the grave divide.



THE FATAL CURIOSITY.

BY THE SAME.

MUCH had I heard of fair Francelia's name,
 The lavish praises of the babler, Fame:
 I thought them such, and went prepar'd to pry,
 And trace the charmer with a critick's eye,

Resolv'd to find some fault, before unspy'd, 5
And disappointed, if but satisfy'd.

Love pierc'd the vassal heart, that durst rebel,
And, where a judge was meant, a victim fell:
On those dear eyes, with sweet perdition gay,
I gaz'd, at once, my pride and soul away; 10
All o'er I felt the luscious poison run,
And, in a look, the hasty conquest won.

Thus the fond moth around the taper plays,
And sports and flutters near the treach'rous blaze;
Ravish'd with joy, he wings his eager flight, 15
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,
A bright destruction, and a shining tomb.



RETIREMENT.

AN ODE.

BY THOMAS WARTON THE ELDER.*

I.

ON beds of daisies idly laid,
The willow waving o'er my head,
Now morning on the bending stem
Hangs the round, and glittering gem;
Lull'd by the lapse of yonder spring, 5
Of nature's various charms I sing:
Ambition, pride, and pomp adieu!
For what has Joy to do with you?

II.

Joy, rose-lipt Dryad, loves to dwell
In sunny field, or mossy cell, 10
Delights on echoing hills to hear
The reaper's song, or lowing steer,
Or view with ten-fold plenty spread
The crowded corn-field, blooming mead;
While beauty, health, and innocence,
Transport the eye, the soul, the sense.

* Born 1687; dyed 1745.

III.

Not fresco'd roofs, not beds of state,
 Not guards that round a monarch wait,
 Not crowds of flatterers can scare
 From loftiest courts intruding Care : 20
 Midst odours, splendors, banquets, wine,
 Whilst minstrels sound, while tapers shine,
 In sable stole sad Care will come,
 And darken the gay drawing-room.

IV.

Nymphs of the groves, in green array'd,
 Conduct me to your thickest shade, 26
 Deep in the bosom of the vale,
 Where haunts the lonesome nightingale ;
 Where Contemplation, maid divine,
 Leans against some aged pine, 30
 Wrapt in stedfast thought profound,
 Her eyes fix'd stedfast on the ground.

V.

O virtue's nurse ! retired queen,
 By saints alone and hermits seen,
 Beyond vain mortals' wishes wise, 35
 Teach me St. James's to despise ;
 For what are crowded courts, but schools
 For fops, or hospitals for fools ?
 Where slaves and madmen, young and old,
 Meet to adore some calf of gold.



AN
INVOCATION
TO A
WATER-NYMPH.

BY THE SAME.

FAIR pearl-crown'd nymph, whose gushing torrent
laves

This marble rock with hollow-tinkling waves ;
Who wont'ft in fecret folitude to dwell,
On coral beds beneath thy fapphire cell ;
Whose virgin-pow'r can break the magic charm,
Whose look the black enchanter's hand difarm ; 6
Whom fwains in neighb'ring vales to fing delight,
Kind guardian of their flocks from blafing fprite ;
Permit me, goddefs, from thy filver lake,
With cooling draught my glowing thirft to flake !
So, when thou bath'ft, may no rude fatyr's eye,
From fome deep brake, thy naked beauties fpy :
May no chill blaft the ivied oak invade,
'That o'er thy cavern waves his folemn fshade.



A N

AMERICAN LOVE-ODE.

TAKEN FROM THE SECOND VOLUME OF
MONTAGNE'S ESSAYS.

BY THE SAME.

I.

STAY, stay, thou lovely, fearful snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome brake :
But let me oft thy charms review,
Thy glittering scales, and golden hue ;
From these a chaplet shall be wove, 5
To grace the youth I dearest love.

II.

Then ages hence, when thou no more
Shalt creep along the sunny shore,
Thy copy'd beauties shall be seen ;
Thy red and azure, mix'd with green,
In mimic folds thou shalt display :
Stay, lovely, fearful adder, stay.



‘DAMON.

A PASTORAL.’

[WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.]

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.*

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor’s blissful plains :
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing ;
Let vernal airs through trembling osiers play, 5
And Albion’s cliffs resound the rural lay.

You that, too wise for pride, too good for pow’r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And, carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost ! 10
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,
But charm’d to silence, listens while she sings, 15
And all th’ ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,

* Born 1688 ; dyed 1744.

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair: 20
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on every bloomy spray,
 With joyous musick wake the dawning day!
 Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing, 25
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?
 Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain. 30
 Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
 Four figures rising from the work appear,
 The various seasons of the rolling year;
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
 If Windsor shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
E'en spring displeases, when she shines not here;
But, blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
A wondrous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears: 86
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields: 90
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in every grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bowers,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal showers;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

TO MRS. M. B. ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY THE SAME.

OH be thou blest with all that Heav'n can send,
 Long Health, long Youth, long Pleasure and a Friend:
 Not with those Toys the female world admire,
 Riches that vex, and Vanities that tire.
 With added years if Life bring nothing new, 5
 But like a sieve let ev'ry blessing thro',
 Some joy still lost, as each vain year runs o'er,
 And all we gain, some sad Reflection more;
 Is that a Birth-day? 'tis alas! too clear,
 'Tis but the Fun'ral of the former year. 10

Let Joy or Ease, let Affluence or Content,
 And the gay conscience of a life well spent,
 Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,
 Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face;
 Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15
 Without a Pain, a Trouble, or a Fear;
 Till Death unfelt that tender frame destroy,
 In some soft dream, or extasy of joy,
 Peaceful sleep out the Sabbath of the Tomb,
 And wake to Raptures in a Life to come. 20



EPISTLE

TO THE SAME.

ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN AFTER THE
CORONATION [1715].

BY THE SAME.

As some fond Virgin, whom her mother's care
 Drags from the Town to wholesome Country air,
 Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh;
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever; 5
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever:
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew;
 Not that their pleasures caus'd her discontent,
 She sigh'd, not that they stay'd, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,
 Old-fashion'd halls, dull Aunts, and croaking rooks:
 She went from Op'ra, Park, Assembly, Play,
 To morning-walks, and pray'rs three hours a-day;
 To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea, 15
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;

Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire; 20
 Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
 Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack:
 Who visits with a Gun, presents you birds, 25
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries,-- No words!
 Or with his hounds comes hallowing from the stable,
 Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
 Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair ev'ning, on your elbow laid, 31
 You dream of Triumphs in the rural shade;
 In pensive thought recall the fancy'd scene,
 See Coronations rise on every green;
 Before you pass th' imaginary fights 35
 Of Lords, and Earls, and Dukes, and garter'd
 Knights,

While the spread fan o'er shades your closing eyes;
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,
 And leave you in lone woods, or empty walls!

So when your Slave, at some dear idle time,
 (Not plagu'd with head-achs, or the want of rhyme)
 Stands in the streets, abstracted from the crew,
 And while he seems to study, thinks of you;

Just when his fancy points your sprightly eyes, 45
 Or sees the blush of soft Parthenia rise,
 Gay pats my shoulder, and you vanish quite,
 Streets, Chairs, and Coxcombs, rush upon my sight;
 Vext to be still in town, I knit my brow,
 Look four, and hum a Tune, as you may now. 50



ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF

AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY.*

BY THE SAME.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
 shade,
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
 'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery, compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem.
 P.

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly ! tell, §
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well ?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part ?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die ? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :
Thence to their images on earth it flows, 15
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres ; 20
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow, 25
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
'Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood ! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;

Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
 Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball, 35
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates;
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way) 40
 Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe. 46

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier;
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear, 55
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy reliques made.

So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd, once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er, 81
The Muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!



THE FIRST SATIRE OF THE SECOND BOOK
OF HORACE, IMITATED.

BY THE SAME.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

THERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold :
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough,
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say, 5
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
I come to Council learned in the Law ;
You'll give me, like a friend, both sage and free
Advice ; and (as you use) without a Fee. 10

F. I'd write do more.

P. Not write ? but then I think,
And for my soul I cannot sleep a wink ;
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife :
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip-wine ; *Probatum est.*

But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
 Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
 Or, if you needs must write, write CÆSAR's praise,
 You'll gain at least a *Knighthood* or the *Bays*.

P. What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
 and fierce,
 With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK
 crowd the verse,
 Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
 With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuss, and
 Thunder?

Or nobly wild, with Budgell's fire and force,
 Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer arts display,
 Let CAROLINA smooth the tuneful lay, 30
 Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
 And sweetly flow thro' all the Royal Line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
 They scarce can bear their *Laureate* twice a year;
 And justly CÆSAR scorns the Poet's lays, 35
 It is to *History* he trusts for Praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
 Than ridicule all Taste, blaspheme Quadrille,
 Abuse the City's best good men in metre,
 And laugh at Peers that put their trust in Peter.
 Ev'n those you touch not, hate you.

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:

The fewer still you name, you wound the more ;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure : none deny 45
Scarfdale his bottle, Darty his ham-pye ;
Ridotta sips and dances, till she see
The doubling Lustres dance as fast as she :
F— loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all else as one egg to another. 50
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne :
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The Soul flood forth, nor kept a thought within ;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear, 55
Will prove at least the Medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends ;
Publish the present age ; but when my text
Is Vice too high, reserve it for the next : 60
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verse-man or Prose-man, term me which you will,
Papist, or Protestant, or both between, 65
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
Whilst Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet ; 70

I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
 Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors,
 Save but our *Army*! and let Jove incrust
 Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust.
 Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more;
 But touch me, and no Minister so fore. 76

Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
 Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme,
 Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
 And the sad burthen of some merry song. 80

Slander or Poison dread from Delia's rage,
 Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
 From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
 P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
 Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels; 85
 Bulls aim their horns, and Asses lift their heels;
 'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick but hug;
 And no man wonders he's not stung by Pug.
 So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
 They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat. 90

Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter short)
 Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
 Whether Old age, with faint but chearful ray,
 Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
 Or Death's black wing already be display'd, 95
 To wrap me in the universal shade;
 Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
 Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write;

In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgell, I will rhyme and print. 100

F. Alas young man! your days can ne'er be long,
In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Testers, now, to take your life.

P. What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud Gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cause,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain 111
Flatt'ers and Bigots ev'n in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not strip the gilding off a Knave, 115
Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir, or slave?
I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause;
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'scape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave. 120
TO VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beside may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the distant din that world can keep
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
There, my retreat the best Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Statesmen out of place.
There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feast of Reason, and the Flow of Soul:

And HE*, whose lightning pierc'd th'Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the stubborn plain, 131
Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats ;
To help who want, to forward who excel ;
This, all who know me, know ; who love me, tell ;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scribblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. 140
This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
What faith my Council, learned in the laws ?

F. Your plea is good ; but still I say, beware !
Laws are explain'd by Men—so have a care.
It stands on record that in Richard's times 145
A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes.
Consult the statute : *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed !
But grave *Epistles*, bringing Vice to light, 151
Such as a King might read, a Bishop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed ?

The Case is alter'd—you may then proceed ;
In such a cause the Plaintiff will be his'd, 155
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

* *Earl of Peterborough.*

A PROLOGUE

TO A PLAY FOR MR. DENNIS'S BENEFIT,
IN 1733, WHEN HE WAS OLD, BLIND,
AND IN GREAT DISTRESS, A LIT-
TLE BEFORE HIS DEATH.

BY THE SAME.

As when that Hero, who in each Campaign,
Had brav'd the *Goth*, and many a *Vandal* slain,
Lay Fortune-struck, a spectacle of Woe!
Wept by each Friend, forgiv'n by every Foe;
Was there a gen'rous, a reflecting mind, 9
But pitied BELISARIUS old and blind?
Was there a Chief but melted at the Sight?
A common Soldier, but who clubb'd his Mite?
Such, such emotions should in *Britons* rise,
When press'd by want and weakness DENNIS lies;
Dennis, who long had warr'd with modern *Huns*,
Their Quibbles routed, and defy'd their Puns;
A desp'rate *Bulwark*, sturdy, firm, and fierce
Against the *Gothic* sons of frozen verse:
How chang'd from him who made the boxes groan,
And shook the stage with thunders all his own!

Stood up to dash each vain Pretender's hope,
 Maul the French Tyrant, or pull down the Pope!
 If there's a *Briton* then, true bred and born,
 Who holds Dragoons and wooden shoes in scorn;
 If there's a Critic of distinguish'd rage; 21
 If there's a Senior, who contemns this age;
 Let him to-night his just assistance lend,
 And be the *Critic's*, *Briton's*, *Old Man's* Friend.



E P I T A P H S.

BY THE SAME.

ON JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

.

STATESMAN, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
 In action faithful, and in honour clear!
 Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end,
 Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
 Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd,
 Prais'd, wept, and honour'd by the Muse he lov'd.



ON MR. ELIJAH FENTON.

AT EASTHAMSTEAD IN BERKS, 1730.

THIS modest stone, what few vain marbles can,
 May truly say, Here lies an honest man :
 A poet, blest beyond the poet's fate,
 Whom heav'n kept sacred from the proud and great :
 Foe to loud praise, and friend to learned ease, 5
 Content with science in the vale of peace,
 Calmly he look'd on either life, and here
 Saw nothing to regret, or there to fear ;
 From nature's temp'rate feast rose satisfy'd,
 Thank'd heav'n that he had liv'd, and that he dy'd.



ON MR. GAY.

IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY, 1732.

OF manners gentle, of affections mild,
 In wit, a man ; simplicity, a child :
 With native humour temp'ring virtuous rage,
 Form'd to delight at once and last the age :

Above temptation in a low estate, 5
And uncorrupted, ev'n among the great :
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblam'd through life, lamented in thy end.
'These are Thy honours ! not that here thy bust
Is mix'd with heroes, or with kings thy dust ; 10
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms—*Here lies GAY.*



FABLES.

BY JOHN GAY, ESQ.*

PYTHAGORAS AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn.
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day,
Through flow'ry fields he took his way;
In musing contemplation warm, 5
His steps misled him to a farm,
Where, on a ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood; the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there? 10
The clown, with furly voice, replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries:
This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hen's annoy, my turkey's dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid; 15
See on the wall his wings display'd:
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find,

* Born 1688; dyed 1732.

My yard the thriving poultry feed,
And my barn's refuse fat the breed. 20

Friend, says the sage, the doom is wise;
For publick good the murd'rer dies:
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,
Think how the glutton man devours; 25
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O impudence of power and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou, perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner! 30

Hold, cry'd the clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd, 35
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater luxury to sustain;
For **petty rogues submit to fate*
That great ones may enjoy their state. 40

* Garth's Dispensary.



THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own:
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise, 5
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,
 With both all rivals are decry'd.
 Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister awkward creature; 10
 For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
 When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
 A Poet fought the sweets of May,
 The garden's fragrant treat ascends, 15
 And ev'ry stalk with odour bends:
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
 Thus singing, as the Muse inspir'd.

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace:
 How happy should I prove, 20
 Might I supply that envy'd place
 With never-fading love!
 There, phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
 Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!

Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 More fragrant roses there ; 26
 I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 With envy and despair !
 One common fate we both must prove ;
 You die with envy, I with love !" 30

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
 An angry Rose, who grew beside.
 Of all mankind you should not flout us ;
 What can a poet do without us ?
 In ev'ry love-song roses bloom ; 35
 We lend you colour and perfume.
 Does it to Chloe's charms conduce
 To found her praise on our abuse ?
 Must we, to flatter her, be made
 To wither, envy, pine, and fade ? 30



THE JUGGLERS.

A JUGGLER long through all the town
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)
 The devil at his finger's ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill; 5
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the croud
Defy'd the man of art aloud.

Is this then he so fam'd for slight?
Can this flow bungler cheat your sight? 10
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done;
In science I submit to none.
'Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd; 15
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd:
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds;
His little boxes change the grain,
Trick after trick deludes the train. 20
He shakes his bag, he shews all fair,
His fingers spread, and nothing there,
Then bids it rain with showers of gold,
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,
But, when from thence the hen he draws, 25
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place,
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magick looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd, 31
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note ; observe the blessing :
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass ! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone. 36

A second puff the magick broke ;
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board
All full, with heady liquor stor'd, 40
By clean conveyance disappear,
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd ;
At once his ready fingers clos'd ;
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled ; 45
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand :
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows,
Blow here ; and a church-warden blows ;
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat, 51
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address 55
This picture see ; her shape, her breast !
What youth, and what inviting eyes !
Hold her, and have her ! With surprise,
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills. 60

A counter, in a miser's hand,
 Grew twenty guineas at command;
 She bids his heir the sum retain,
 And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see 65
 Take ev'ry shape but charity;
 And not one thing you saw, or drew,
 But chang'd from what was first in view.

The juggler now, in grief of heart,
 With this submission own'd her art. 70
 Can I such matchless sleight withstand?
 How practice hath improv'd your hand!
 But now and then I cheat the throng;
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.



THE DOG AND THE FOX.

TO A LAWYER.

I KNOW you lawyers can, with ease,
 Twist words and meanings as you please;
 That language, by your skill made pliant,
 Will bend to favour ev'ry client;
 That 'tis the fee directs the sense, 5
 'To make out either side's pretense.

When you peruse the clearest case,
You see it with a double face ;
For scepticism's your profession ;
You hold there's doubt in all expression. 10

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd,
Hence eloquence takes either side :
Your hand would have but poultry gleanings,
Could ev'ry man express his meaning.
Who dares presume to pen a deed, 15
Unless you previously are feed ?
'Tis drawn ; and, to augment the cost,
In dull prolixity engross :
And now we're well secur'd by law,
Till the next brother find a flaw. 20

Read o'er a will. Was 't ever known,
But you could make the will your own ?
For, when you read, 'tis with intent
To find out meanings never meant.
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*, 25
I bar fallacious *inuendo*.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace
Some beast or bird in ev'ry face ;
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape. 30
When, in the sketches thus design'd,
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,
You show the piece, and give the hint,
And find each feature in the print ;

So monstrous-like the portrait's found, 35
 All know it, and the laugh goes round.
 Like him I draw from gen'ral nature :
 Is't I or you then fix the satire ?

So, fir, I beg you, spare your pains
 In making comments on my strains. 40
 All private slander I detest,
 I judge not of my neighbour's breast :
 Party and prejudice I hate,
 And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my fable censure vice, 45
 Because a knave is over-nice ?
 And, lest the guilty hear and dread,
 Shall not the Decalogue be read ?
 If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,
 Is't I apply, or self-conviction ? 50

Brutes are my theme. Am I to blame,
 If men in morals the same ?
 I no man call or ape or afs ;
 'Tis his own conscience holds the glass.
 Thus void of all offence I write : 55
 Who claims the fable, knows his right.

A shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,
 Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts ;
 Among the rest a Fox he knew ;
 By frequent chat their friendship grew. 60

Says Renard, 'tis a cruel case,
 That man should stigmatize our race.

No doubt, among us rogues you find,
As among dogs and human kind ;
And yet (unknown to me and you) 65
There may be honest men and true.
Thus slander tries whate'er it can
To put us on the foot with man.
Let my own actions recommend ;
No prejudice can blind a friend : 70
You know me free from all disguise ;
My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this, from all mistrust
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth 75
On conscience, honesty, and worth,
Sudden he stopp'd ; he cock'd his ear ;
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

Bless us ! the hunters are abroad :
What's all that clatter on the road ! 80

Hold, says the Dog, we're free from harm :
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.
At yonder town 'tis market-day ;
Some farmer's wife is on the way :
'Tis so, (I know her pyebald mare) 85
Dame Dobbins with her poultry-ware.

Renard grew huff. Says he, This sneer
From you I little thought to hear ;
Your meaning in your looks I see.
Pray, what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me ?

Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?
Prove that I owe the dame a dinner.

Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm;
Then why so captious? why so warm?

My words, in common acceptation, 95
Could never give this provocation.

No lamb (for ought I ever knew)
May be more innocent than you."

At this, gall'd Renard winc'd, and swore
Such language ne'er was giv'n before. 100

What's lamb to me? This faucy hint
Shows me, base knave, which way you squint.
If t' other night your master lost

Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?
Your vile reflections would imply 105
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lye.

Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog reply'd)
The name is just, take either side;
Thy guilt these applications speak:
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak. 110

So saying, on the Fox he flies:
The self-convicted felon dies.



PASTORALS.

BY THE SAME.

THE DIRGE.*

BUMKINET. GRUBBINOL.

BUMKINET.

WHY, Grubbinol, dost thou so wistful seem?
 There's sorrow in thy look, if right I deem.
 'Tis true, yon oaks with yellow tops appear,
 And chilly blasts begin to nip the year;
 From the tall elm a show'r of leaves is born, 5
 And their lost beauty riven beeches mourn.
 Yet ev'n this season pleasance blithe affords,
 Now the squeez'd press foams with our apple hoards.
 Come, let us hie, and quaff a cheery bowl,
 Let cyder new *wash sorrow from thy soul.* 10

* *Dirge*, or *Dyrge*, a mournful ditty, or song of lamentation, over the dead; not a contraction of the Latin *Dirige* in the Popish hymn, *Dirige gressus meos*, as some pretend. But from the Teutonical *Dyrke*, *laudare*, to praise and extol. Whence it is possible their *Dyrke*, and our *Dirge*, was a laudatory song to commemorate and applaud the dead.—*Cowell's Interpreter.*

GRUBBINOL.

Ah, Bumkinet! since thou from hence wert gone,
 From these sad plains all merriment is flown;
 Should I reveal my grief 'twould spoil thy cheer,
 And make thine eye o'erflow with many a tear.

BUMKINET.

Hang sorrow! Let's to yonder hutt repair, 15
 And with trim sonnets cast away our care.
Gillian of Croydon well thy pipe can play;
 Thou sing'st most sweet, *O'er hills and far away.*
Of Patient Griffel I devise to sing,
 And catches quaint shall make the vallies ring. 20
 Come, Grubbinol, beneath this shelter, come;
 From hence we view our flocks securely roam.

GRUBBINOL.

Yes, blithesome lad, a tale I mean to sing,
 But with my woe shall distant valleys ring.
 The tale shall make our kidlings droop their head,
 For woe is me!—our Blouzelind is dead. 26

BUMKINET.

Is Blouzelinda dead? farewell my glee!
 No happiness is now reserv'd for me.

Line

15. *Incipe, Mopse, prior si quos aut Phyllidis ignes
 Aut Alconis babes laudes, aut jurgia Cedri.*

27. *Glee, joy; from the Dutch, gleoren, to recreate.*

As the wood pidgeon cooes without his mate,
So shall my doleful dirge bewail her fate. 30
Of Blouzelinda fair I mean to tell,
The peerless maid that did all maids excell.

Henceforth the morn shall dewy sorrow shed,
And ev'ning tears upon the grafs be spread ;
The rolling streams with watry grief shall flow, 35
And winds shall moan aloud---when loud they blow.
Henceforth, as oft as Autumn shall return,
The dropping trees, whene'er it rains, shall mourn ;
The season quite shall strip the country's pride,
For 'twas in Autumn Blouzelinda dy'd. 40

Where-e'er I gad, I Blouzelind shall view,
Woods, dairy, barn, and mows our passion knew.
When I direct my eyes to yonder wood,
Fresh rising sorrow curdles in my blood.
Thither I've often been the damsel's guide, 45
When rotten sticks our fuel have supply'd ;
There, I remember how her faggots large
Were frequently these happy shoulders charge.
Sometimes this crook drew hazel boughs adown,
And stuff'd her apron wide with nuts so brown ;
Or when her feeding hogs had miss'd their way,
Or wallowing 'mid a feast of acorns lay ; 51
Th' untoward creatures to the flye I drove,
And whistled all the way --- or told my love.

• If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie, 55
I shall her goodly countenance espie ;
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchief starch'd and pinnars clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lily prints the pound. 60
Whilome I've seen her skim the clouted cream,
And prefs from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas ! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door ;
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray, 65
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.

When in the barn the founding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand, 71
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their Blouzelind.

Whenever by yon barley-mow I pass, 75
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
Which she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kifs my courtship has explain'd.
Ah Blouzelind ! that mow I ne'er shall see, 81
But thy memorial will revive in me.

Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show;
 Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
 Let weeds, instead of butter-flow'rs, appear, 85
 And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
 For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread;
 For Blouzelinda, blithsome maid, is dead!
 Lament, ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
 And spell ye right this verse upon her stone: 90
Here Blouzelinda lyes—Alas, alas!
Weep, shepherds—and remember flesh is grass.

GRUBBINOL.

Albeit thy songs are sweeter to mine ear,
 Than to the thirsty cattle rivers clear;
 Or winter porridge to the lab'ring youth, 95
 Or buns and sugar to the damsel's tooth;
 Yet Blouzelinda's name shall tune my lay,
 Of her I'll sing for ever and for aye:

Line

84. *Pro molli violâ, pro purpureo Narcisso*
Carduus & spinis surgit paliurus acutis. VIRG.
 90. *Et tumulum facite, & tumulo superaddite carmen.*
 93. *Tale tuum carmen nobis, divine poeta,*
Quale sopor fessis in gramine: quale per æstum
Dulcis aquæ saliente sitim restinguere rivo.
Nos tamen hæc quocunque modo tibi nostra vicissim
Dicemus, Daphninque tuum tollemus ad astra.

VIRG.

96. *Κρέσσον μελπομένην τευ ακούμεν ὃ μέγιστον λείχειν.*

THEOC.

When Blouzelind expir'd, the weather's bell
 Before the drooping flock told forth her knell;
 The solemn death-watch click'd the hour she dy'd,
 And shrilling crickets in the chimney cry'd;
 The boding raven on her cottage fate,
 And with hoarse croaking warn'd us of her fate;
 The lambkin, which her wonted tendance bred,
 Drop'd on the plains that fatal instant dead; 106
 Swarm'd on a rotten stick the bees I spy'd,
 Which erst I saw when goody Dobson dy'd.

How shall I, void of tears, her death relate,
 When on her darling's bed her mother fate! 110
 These words the dying Blouzelinda spoke,
 And of the dead let none the will revoke.

Mother, quoth she, let not the poultry need,
 And give the goose wherewith to raise her breed;
 Be these my sister's care---and every morn 115
 Amid the ducklings let her scatter corn;
 The sickly calf that's hous'd, be sure to tend,
 Feed him with milk, and from bleak colds defend.
 Yet e'er I die---see, mother, yonder shelf,
 There secretly I've hid my worldly pelf. 120
 Twenty good shillings in a rag I laid;
 Be ten the parson's, for my sermon paid.
 The rest is yours---My spinning-wheel and rake
 Let Susan keep for her dear sister's sake;
 My new straw hat, that's trimly lin'd with green,
 Let Peggy wear, for she's a damsel clean. 126

My leathern bottle, long in harvests try'd,
 Be Grubbinol's—this silver ring beside :
 Three silver pennies, and a nine-pence bent,
 A token kind to Bumkinet is sent. 130
 Thus spoke the maiden, while the mother cry'd ;
 And peaceful, like the harmless lamb, she dy'd.

To show their love, the neighbours far and near
 Follow'd with wistful look the damsel's bier.
 Sprigg'd rosemary the lads and lassies bore, 135
 While dismally the parson walk'd before.
 Upon her grave their rosemary they threw,
 The daisie, butter-flower, and endive blue.

After the good man warn'd us from his text,
 That none could tell whose turn would be the next ;
 He said, that heav'n would have her soul no doubt,
 And spoke the hour-glass in her praise --- quite out.

To her sweet mem'ry flow'ry garlands strung,
 O'er her now empty seat aloft were hung.
 With wicker rods we fenc'd her tomb around, 145
 To ward from man and beast the hallow'd ground ;
 Lest her new grave the parson's cattle raze,
 For both his horse and cow the church-yard graze.

Now we trudg'd homeward to her mother's farm,
 To drink new cyder mull'd, with ginger warm.
 For gaffer Tread-well told us, by the by, 151
Excessive sorrow is exceeding dry.

While bulls bear horns upon their curled brow,
 Or lasses with soft stroakings milk the cow;
 While paddling ducks the standing lake desire,
 Or batt'ning hogs roll in the sinking mire; 156
 While moles the crumbled earth in hillocks raise;
 So long shall swains tell Blouzelinda's praise.

Thus wail'd the louts, in melancholy strain,
 Till bonny Susan sped across the plain. 160
 They seiz'd the lads in apron clean array'd,
 And to the ale-house forc'd the willing maid;
 In ale and kisses they forget their cares,
 And Susan Blouzelinda's loss repairs.



THE FLIGHTS.

BOWZYBEUS.

SUBLIMER strains, O rustick Muse, prepare;
 Forget a-while the barn and dairy's care;
 Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
 The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
 With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse, 5
 While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.

Line

153. *Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
 Dumque thymo pascentur apes, dum rore cicadæ,
 Semper bonos, nomenque tuum, laudesque mainebunt.*

VIRG.

'Twas in the season when the reaper's toil
 Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil ;
 Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
 Clean damsels bound the gather'd sheaves about ;
 The lads with sharpen'd hook, and sweating brow,
 Cut down the labours of the winter plow.
 To the near hedge young Susan steps aside,
 She feign'd her coat or garter was unty'd ;
 What-e'er she did, she stoop'd adown unseen, 15
 And merry reapers, what they list, will ween.
 Soon she rose up, and cry'd with voice so shrill,
 That Eccho answer'd from the distant hill ;
 The youths and damsels ran to Susan's aid,
 Who thought some adder had the last dismay'd.

When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spy'd, 21
 His hat and oaken staff lay close beside ;
 That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
 Or with the rozin'd bow torment the string ;
 That Bowzybeus who with finger's speed 25
 Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed ;
 That Bowzybeus who, with jocond tongue,
 Ballads and roundelays and catches sung.
 They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
 And in disport surround the drunken wight. 30

Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long ?
 The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong !
 Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night ;
 But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.

Cic'ly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
 And kiss'd with smacking lip the snoring lout :
 For custom says, *Who-e'er this venture proves,*
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves.
 By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
 And plays a tickling straw within his nose. 40
 He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
 The sneering swains with stamm'ring speech bespoke:
 To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er,
 As for the maids,—I've something else in store.

No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song, 45
 But lads and lasses round about him throng.
 Not ballad-finger plac'd above the crowd
 Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud ;
 Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
 Like Bowzybeus sooths th' attentive ear. 50

Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
 Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
 For owles, as swains observe, detest the light,
 And only sing, and seek their prey by night.

Line

40. *Sanguineis frontem moris & tempora pingit.*

43. *Carmina quæ vultis, cognoscite, carmina vobis ;*
Huic aliud mercedis erit.

45. *Nec tantum Phæbo gaudet Parnassia rupes ;*
Nec tantum Rhodope mirantur & Ismarus Orphea.

VIRG.

51. Our swain had possibly read Tusser, from whence
 he might have collected these philosophical observations.

Namque canebat, uti magnum per inane coacta, &c.

VIRG.

How turnips hide their swelling heads below ; 55
And how the closing colworts upwards grow ;
How Will-a-wisp mis-leads night-faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glowe-worm's heat that gilds his tail.
He sung where wood-cocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed ;
Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend
Where swallows in the winter's season keep, 65
And how the drowfie bat and dormouse sleep :
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose.
For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppys still nine rolling suns are blind. 70

Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlars stalls with glitt'ring toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country-maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine, 75
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine ;
How the tight lafs, knives, combs, and scissars spys,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lott'ries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along, 81
And all the fair is crouded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells ;

Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs, 85
 And on the rope the vent'rous maiden swings;
 Jack Pudding in his parti-coloured jacket
 Tosses the glove, and jokes at ev'ry packet.
 Of raree-shows he fung, and Punch's feats,
 Of pockets pick'd in crowds, and various cheats.

Then sad he fung *the Children in the Wood*:
 Ah, barb'rous uncle, stain'd with infant blood!
 How blackberrys they pluck'd in defarts wild,
 And fearless at the glittering fauchion smil'd;
 Their little corps the robin-red-breasts found, 95
 And strow'd with pious bill the leaves around.
 Ah gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
 Your names shall live for ever in my song.

For *Buxom Joan* he fung the doubtful strife,
 How the sly sailer made the maid a wife. 100

To louder strains he rais'd his voice, to tell
 What woeful wars in Chevy-chace befell,
 When *Piercy drove the deer with bound and horn*,
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!
 Ah With'rington, more years thy life had crown'd,
 If thou had'st never heard the horn or hound!
 Yet shall the Squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
 By future bards be wail'd in doleful dumps.

Line

97. *Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt,
 Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

VIRG.

99. A Song in the comedy of *Love for Love*, beginning
A Soldier and a Sailor, &c.

All in the land of Essex next he chaunts,
 How to fleek mares starch quakers turn gallants ;
 How the grave brother stood on bank so green.
 Happy for him if mares had never been !

Then he was seiz'd with a religious qualm,
 And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.

He sung of *Taffey Welch*, and *Sawney Scot*, 115
Lilly-bullero, and the *Irish Trot*.

Why should I tell of *Bateman* or of *Shore*,
 Or *Wantley's Dragon* slain by valiant Moore,
The Bow'r of Rosamond, or *Robin Hood*,
 And how the grass now grows where *Troy town* stood ?

His carols ceas'd : the list'ning maids and swains
 Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
 Sudden he rose ; and, as he reels along,
 Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
 The damsels laughing fly : the giddy clown 125
 Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown ;
 The pow'r that guards the drunk, his sleep attends,
 Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

Line

109. A Song of Sir J. Denham's. See his Poems.

112. *Et fortunatam, si nunquam armenta fuissent,*
Pasiphaen. VIRG.

117. *Quid loquar aut Scyllam nisi, &c.* VIRG.

117. Old English ballads.



THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE.

AN ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF THE POLLIO OF VIRGIL.

BY THE SAME.

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades and humble cotts delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work, 5
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags, and all ye beasts of chace;
This hour destruction brings on all your race: 10
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geese, and grocers sweetest ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old October reddens ev'ry nose.
Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand, 15
Kiss his moist lip, and gently lick his hand.
He joys to hear the shrill horn's echoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.

With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow ; 20
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours ;
For him the clustring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears ; 26
How, when youth strung his nerves, and warm'd
his veins,

He rode the mighty Nimrod of the plains.
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall ; 30
Tells, how this stag through three whole countys
fled,

What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chace, and all his cheats ;
How in one day, beneath his furious speed, 35
He tir'd seven courfers of the fleetest breed ;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the * witch !
These stories, which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own. 40

* The most common accident to Sportsmen; to hunt a
witch in the shape of a hare.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye ;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar-schools ?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod, 45
Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod ;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace :
Why should he wiser prove than all his race ?

When rip'ning youth with down o'er shades his
chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin ; 50
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame ;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft, and the grove,
Shall oft' be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, Priscilla, on that dreadful time, 55
When pangs and watry qualms shall own thy crime.
How wilt thou tremble, when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast !
Nine moons shall publickly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping
hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land ;
On fam'd St. Hubert's feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound, and wake the morn !
This memorable day his eager speed 65
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.

O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
 Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
 Yet, prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
 Low in the dust his groveling honour lies; 70
 Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
 Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar-bone:
 O venturous youth, thy thirst of game allay;
 May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
 He shall survive; and in late years be sent 75
 To snore away Debates in Parliament.

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
 With nod important shall the laws dispense;
 A Justice with grave Justices shall sit;
 He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit. 80
 No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
 No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
 Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
 Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;
 Poachers shall tremble at his awful name, 85
 Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

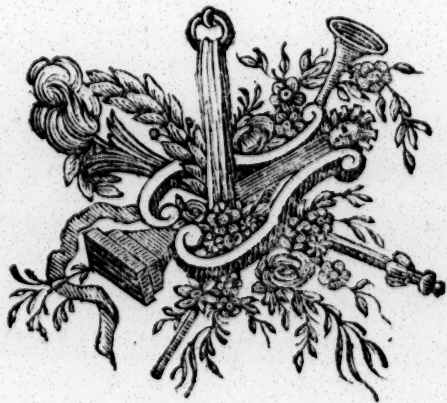
Assist me, Bacchus, and ye drunken pow'rs,
 To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
 Firm-cork'd and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
 Brew'd or when Phœbus warms the fleecy sign,
 Or when his languid rays in Scorpio shine?

Think on the mischiefs which from hence have
sprung !

It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue ;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords, 95
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd ?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd !
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong ?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song. 100

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk, his servile crew supinely snore ;
Triumphant o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands ;
Boldly he drinks, and, like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.



ON THE SETTING UP MR. BUTLER'S MONU-
MENT IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

BY SAMUEL WESLEY.*

WHILE BUTLER, needy wretch! was yet alive,
No gen'rous patron would a dinner give:
See him, when starv'd to death and turn'd to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust!
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown, 5
He ask'd for bread, and he receiv'd a stone.



EPIGRAM, FROM THE GREEK.

BY THE SAME.

A BLOOMING youth lies buried here,
EUPHEMIUS, to his country dear:
Nature adorn'd his mind and face
With ev'ry muse, and ev'ry grace:
About the marriage state to prove, 5
But DEATH had quicker wings than LOVE.

* Born 1690; dyed 1739.

THE INVITATION.

BY WILLIAM HINCHLIFFE.*

O COME, Lavinia, lovely maid,
Said Dion, stretch'd at ease,
Beneath the walnut's fragrant shade,
A sweet retreat! by nature made
With elegance to please. 5

O leave the court's deceitful glare,
Loath'd pageantry and pride;
Come taste our solid pleasures here,
Which angels need not blush to share,
And with blest'd men divide. 10

What raptures were it in these bow'rs,
Fair virgin, chaste and wise,
With thee to lose the learned hours,
And note the beauties in these flowers,
Conceal'd from vulgar eyes! 15

For thee my gaudy garden blooms,
And richly colour'd glows;
Above the pomp of royal rooms,
Or purpled works of Persian looms,
Proud palaces disclose. 20

* *Born 1692; dyed 1742.*

Haste, nymph, nor let me sigh in vain,
Each Grace attends on thee ;
Exalt my bliss, and point my strain,
For Love and Truth are of thy train,
Content and Harmony.



THE
BASTARD.

INSCRIBED, WITH ALL DUE REVERENCE, TO

MRS. BRETT,
ONCE COUNTESS OF MACCLESFIELD.

BY RICHARD SAVAGE.*

Decet hæc dare dona novercam. OV. MET.

IN gayer hours, when high my fancy ran,
The muse, exulting, thus her lay began.
Blest be the Bastard's birth! thro' wond'rous
ways,
He shines eccentric like a comet's blaze!
No sickly fruit of faint compliance He! 5
He! stamp'd in nature's mint of ecstasy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous race;
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face.
His daring hope, no fire's example bounds;
His first-born lights, no prejudice confounds. 10

* Born 1698; dyed 1742.

He, kindling from within, requires no flame ;
 He glories in a Bastard's glowing name.

Born to himself, by no possession led,
 In freedom foster'd, and by fortune fed ;
 Nor guides, nor rules, his sov'reign choice control,
 His body independent as his soul ; 16
 Loos'd to the world's wide range—enjoin'd no aim,
 Prescrib'd no duty, and assign'd no name :
 Nature's unbounded son, he stands alone,
 His heart unbias'd, and his mind his own. 20

O Mother, yet no Mother !—'tis to you,
 My thanks for such distinguish'd claims are due.
 You, unenslav'd to Nature's narrow laws,
 Warm championess for freedom's sacred cause,
 From all the dry devoirs of blood and line, 25
 From ties maternal, moral and divine,
 Discharg'd my grasping soul ; push'd me from shore,
 And launch'd me into life without an oar.

What had I lost, if conjugally kind,
 By nature hating, yet by vows confin'd, 30
 Untaught the matrimonial bands to flight,
 And coldly conscious of a husband's right,
 You had faint-drawn me with a form alone,
 A lawful lump of life by force your own !
 Then, while your backward will retrench'd desire,
 And unconcurring spirits lent no fire, 36
 I had been born your dull, domestic heir,
 Load of your life, and motive of your care ;

Perhaps been poorly rich, and meanly great,
The slave of pomp, a cypher in the state; 40
Lordly neglectful of a worth unknown,
And slumb'ring in a feat, by chance my own.

Far nobler blessings wait the Bastard's lot;
Conceiv'd in rapture, and with fire begot!
Strong as necessity, he starts away, 45
Climbs against wrongs, and brightens into day.

Thus unprophetic, lately misinspir'd,
I sung: gay flutt'ring hope, my fancy fir'd;
Inly secure, thro' conscious scorn of ill,
Nor taught by wisdom, how to ballance will, 50
Rashly deceiv'd, I saw no pits to shun,
But thought to purpose and to act were one;
Heedless what pointed cares pervert his way
Whom caution arms not, and whom woes betray;
But now expos'd, and shrinking from distress, 55
I fly to shelter, while the tempests press;
My Muse to grief resigns the varying tone,
The raptures languish, and the numbers groan.

O memory! thou soul of joy and pain!
Thou actor of our passions o'er again! 60
Why dost thou aggravate the wretch's woe?
Why add continuous smart to ev'ry blow?
Few are my joys; alas! how soon forgot!
On that kind quarter thou invad'st me not:
While sharp, and numberless my sorrows fall; 65
Yet thou repeat'st, and multiply'st 'em all!

Is chance a guilt? that my disastrous heart,
 For mischief never meant, must ever smart? *
 Can self-defence be sin?—Ah, plead no more!
 What tho' no purpos'd malice stain'd thee o'er?
 Had heav'n befriended thy unhappy side,
 Thou had'st not been provok'd—or thou had'st died.

Far be the guilt of homeshed blood from all
 On whom, unfought, embroiling dangers fall!
 Still the pale Dead revives, and lives to me, 75
 To me! thro' Pity's eye condemn'd to see.
 Remembrance veils his rage, but swells his fate;
 Griev'd I forgive, and am grown cool too late.
 Young and unthoughtful then; who knows, one day,
 What ripening virtues might have made their way!
 He might have liv'd, till folly died in shame, 81
 Till kindling wisdom felt a thirst for fame.
 He might perhaps his country's friend have prov'd;
 Both happy, gen'rous, candid and belov'd.
 He might have sav'd some worth, now doom'd to
 fall;

And I, perchance, in him, have murder'd all.

O fate of late repentance! always vain:
 Thy remedies but lull undying pain.
 Where shall my hopes find rest?—No Mother's care
 Shielded my infant innocence with pray'r: 90

* In a sudden broil at a coffee-house the author had killed a man; for whose murder he had been tryed, convicted, and sentenced; but, on the queens intercession, had obtained his pardon.

No Father's guardian hand my youth maintain'd,
 Call'd forth my virtues, or from vice restrain'd.
 Is it not thine to snatch some pow'rful arm,
 First to advance, then skreen from future harm?
 Am I return'd from death, to live in pain? 95
 Or wou'd Imperial Pity save in vain?
 Distrust it not—What blame can Mercy find,
 Which gives at once a life, and rears a mind?

Mother, miscall'd, farewell—of soul severe,*
 This sad reflection yet may force one tear: 100
 All I was wretched by to you I ow'd,
 Alone from strangers ev'ry comfort flow'd!

Lost to the life you gave, your Son no more,
 And now adopted, who was doom'd before,
 New-born, I may a nobler Mother claim, 115
 But dare not whisper her immortal name;
 Supremely lovely, and serenely great!
 Majestic Mother of a kneeling State!
 QUEEN of a People's hearts, who ne'er before
 Agreed—yet now with one consent adore! 120
 One contest yet remains in this desire,
 Who most shall give applause, where all admire.

* This "wretch, who had without scruple proclaimed herself an adulteress, had first endeavoured to starve her son, then to transport him, and afterwards to hang him." See the authors *Life* admirably written by Dr. Johnson.

E P I T A P H

ON A YOUNG LADY.

BY THE SAME.

CLOS'D are those eyes, that beam'd seraphic fire;
 Cold is that breast, which gave the world desire;
 Mute is the voice where winning softness warm'd,
 Where music melted, and where wisdom charm'd,
 And lively wit, which decently confin'd, 5
 No prude e'er thought impure, no friend unkind,
 Cou'd modest knowledge, fair untrifling youth,
 Persuasive reason and endearing truth,
 Cou'd honour, shewn in friendships most refin'd,
 And sense, that shields th'attempted virtuous mind;
 The social temper never known to strife,
 The height'ning graces that embellish life;
 Could these have e'er the darts of death defied,
 Never, ah! never had Melinda died;
 Nor can she die—ev'n now survives her name, 15
 Immortaliz'd by friendship, love, and fame,



[UPON THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTERS
BANISHMENT, IN 1723.]

BY PHILIP, DUKE OF WHARTON.*

I.

As o'er the swelling ocean's tide
An exile TULLY rode,
The bulwark of the Roman state,
In act, in thought, a god,
The sacred GENIUS of majestic Rome 5
Descends, and thus laments her patriot's doom.

II.

Farewel, renown'd in arts, farewel,
Thus conquer'd by thy foe,
Of honour, and of friends depriv'd,
In exile must thou go: 10
Yet go content; thy look, thy will sedate,
Thy soul superior to the shocks of fate.

III.

Thy wisdom was thy only guilt,
Thy virtue thy offence;
With godlike zeal thou didst espouse
Thy country's just defence: 15
No fordid hopes could charm thy steady soul,
No fears, nor guilty numbers could controul.

* Born 1699; dyed 1731.

IV.

What tho' the noblest patriots stood
 Firm to thy sacred cause, 20
 What tho' thou couldst display the force
 Of rhet'rick and of laws,
 No eloquence, no reasons could repel
 Th' united strength of CLODIUS*, and of hell,

V.

Thy mighty ruin to effect 25
 What plots have been devis'd!
 What arts, what perjuries been us'd!
 What laws and rites despis'd!
 How many fools and knaves by bribes allur'd,
 And witnesses by hopes and threats secur'd!

VI.

And yet they act their dark deceit
 Veil'd with a nice disguise,
 And form a specious shew of right
 From treachery and lies;
 With arbitrary pow'r the people awe, 35
 And coin unjust oppression into law.

*CLODIUS, who procur'd the banishment of CICCERO, was a lewd Roman senator, and made tribune of the people. That great orator was afterwards recall'd by POMPEY, and CLODIUS was killed by MILO, a person of consular dignity; which the genius of ROME, in the two last stanzas, is here made particularly to point at, as in a prophetick manner. *The character is intended for sir Robert Walpole.*

VII.

Let CLODIUS now in grandeur reign,
Let him exert his pow'r,
A short-liv'd monster in the land,
The monarch of an hour; 49
Let pageant fools adore their wooden god,
And act against their senses at his nod.

VIII.

Pierc'd by an untimely hand
To earth shall He descend,
Tho' now with gaudy honours cloath'd,
Inglorious in his end.
Blest be the man who does his pow'r defy,
And dares or truly Speak, or bravely Die.



ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

BY CHRISTOPHER PITT.*

WITH joy, blest youth, we saw thee reach thy
goal;

Fair was thy frame, and beautiful thy soul;
The Graces and the Muses came combin'd,
These to adorn the body, those the mind;
'Twas there we saw the softest manners meet, 5
Truth, sweetness, judgment, innocence, and wit.
So form'd, he flew his race; 'twas quickly won;
'Twas but a step, and finish'd when begun.

Nature herself surpriz'd would add no more,
His life compleat in all its parts before; 10

But his few years with pleasing wonder told,
By virtues, not by days; and thought him old.
So far beyond his age those virtues ran,
That in a boy she found him more than man.

For years let wretches importune the skies,
Till, at the long expence of anguish wise, }
They live to count their days by miseries.

Those win the prize, who soonest run the race,
And life burns brightest in the shortest space.

* Born 1699; dyed 1748.

So to the convex glass embody'd run, 20
Drawn to a point, the glories of the sun;
At once the gathering beams intensely glow,
And through the streighten'd circle fiercely flow:
In one strong flame conspire the blended rays,
Run to a fire, and croud into a blaze. 25



SONNET.

TO JOHN CLERKE, ESQ.

BY THOMAS EDWARDS, ESQ.*

WISELY, O Clerke, enjoy the present hour,
 " The present hour is all the time we have,"
High God the rest has plac'd beyond our power,
 Consign'd, perhaps, to grief—or to the grave.

Wretched the man who toils ambition's slave ; 5
 Who pines for wealth, or fights for empty fame ;
Who rolls in pleasures which the mind deprave,
 Bought with severe remorse, and guilty shame.

Virtue and Knowledge be our better aim ;
 These help us Ill to bear, or teach to shun ; 10
Let Friendship cheer us with her gen'rous flame,
 Friendship, the sum of all our joys in one :
So shall we live each moment fate has given,
How long, or short, let us resign to Heaven.

* Born 1699; dyed 1757.



CORRECTIONS.

p. 39. l. 38. for *eev'n* read 'even.'

211. (*note*) for *thatcher* read *thrasber*.

228. (*note*) for 'Margareta' read 'Margarita.'

262. (*note*) after *Mores Dialogues*, add *or Howells*
Letters.



